THE DOLPHIN.

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TO THE CHURCH OF GOD.

Ode

For the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. December 8, 1854–1904.

HAIL, Spouse of Christ, our pride and joy thou art !
In justice and in truth has God set thee
On mountain top, that every mind and heart
On land and sea
May know and love thee, Mother of the free.

A gladsome vision thou of radiant light !
All good and truth and beauty are thine own.
For thee we toil ; we guard thee day and night,
Upon thy throne
A crownèd queen : Christ loveth thee alone.

In spousal robes He clothes thee as His bride,
And bids thee bear to us His blessing, Peace :—
In holiest paths thou art appointed guide,
That men surcease
Of woe may win and from their sins release.

A thousand times thine enemies have sought
To slay thee, yea, a thousand times have deemed
Thee done to death, to endless ruin brought ;
They vainly dreamed—
A thousand times thou wert from death redeemed.

Amid this war that rageth past all bound
We faint not; yet full many a demon foe
Would thee seduce, or else by force confound.
Do we not know
The promise—hell shall never thee o'erthrow?

Rise, holy Church, break forth in joy and praise,
And put on splendor! now thine eyes behold
How men to honor thee crowd all the ways;
E'en as of old
They haste to thee from mount and vale and wold.

They come from north and south, from east and west,
To glorify the Lord for gifts sublime
Conferred on her, the Saviour's Mother Bless'd,
Who saw thy prime
And watcheth o'er thee till the end of time.

Unstained was she by sin original,
And aye preserved Immaculate, to shine
(Foretold of God from days primordial)
Sun-clothed, a sign
The serpent's head to crush by power Divine.

All pure, she bore a Son who was her God.
The flesh and blood she gave Him ne'er did lie
By guilt subjected unto Satan's rod:—
Our ransom high,
That flesh and blood in which He was to die.

Uplift, O Church of Christ, thy voice in song,
And bless the God who made her perfect pure.
Hark! hark! Angelic hosts thy strains prolong,
Those guardians sure,
Who stand and fence thee while the heavens endure.

Now pæans proud from mighty Rome upsoar;
The Old World and the New chant forth their glee;
And Australasia by the surges hoar
Of Southern sea
Joins, festal-crowned, the choral jubilee.

And you, vast chiming orbs that whirl in space,
Your harmonies with Heaven's great Choirs unite.
Let all creation hymn God's wondrous grace
And wisdom's light
In Mary, masterpiece of love and might.

M. WATSON, S.J.

Melbourne, Australia.

A "BUNCHE" OF OLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

We will cum gyf you a Crystemesse songe.
(*Mankind*, 325.)

A QUAINTLY attractive portion of mediæval literature is the Christmas carol. In the mountain districts of Switzerland, and along the banks of the Rhine and of the Danube, no less than in the Romance countries, many an old Christmas carol has come down from generation to generation. This is scarcely true of England, where centuries of persecution have left but few vestiges of the ancient religious practices. With the regular psalmody of the monks in the old abbeys and minsters disappeared also the popular religious song that used to cheer the folk at the hearth and in the open at intervals of rest from the labors of the day and season. We may well be grateful, then, to see rescued from oblivion what still remains—a number of fascinating Christmas carols, particularly appropriate at this time, from which we select a few specimens.

As to the meaning of the word *carol*, it is to be borne in mind that it is a generic term, and stands, like the word *ballad*, for a song accompanying the measures of a dance. Indeed, both terms have in old English the meaning of "a dance," and by association with the rhythmic music, which invariably sets the time to the movement of the feet, came gradually to be applied to the popular chants, and in particular to the Christmas airs.

These carols are characterized by a piety of tone, a simplicity of structure, and a joyousness that reflect the gladness of the Christmas season, rendering them unique in their power of attracting and representing popular religious feeling. A good example

of these qualities of the Christmas folk-song is furnished in the following lullaby to the Holy Child at Bethlehem: *

Thys endris[1] ny3th[2]
I saw a sy3th
A stare as bry3t as day;
And ever among[3]
A mayden song
Lullay, by by, lullay.

This lovely lady sat and song,
And to hyr chyld gan[4] say,
My sone, my broder, my fader der,
Why lyest thou thus in hay?[5] ‡
My swete bryd,[6] §
Thus it ys betyde,[7]
Thow thou be kyng veray;[8]
But nevertheless
I wyl not ses[9]
To sing by by, lullay.

The chyld than spak in hys talkyng,[10]
And to hys moder sayd:
I bekydde[11] am kyng
In crybbe thar I be layd
For anngeiles bry3t
Done[12] to me ly3t
Thou knowest it ys no nay;[13]
And of that sy3t
Thoy mayst be ly3t[14]
To syng by by, lullay.

Now, swet son, syn[15] thou art kyng,
Why art thou layd in stall?
Why ne[16] thou ordende[17] thi beddyng
In sum gret kynges hall?
Me thynkyth it is ry3t,
That kyng or knyght

[1] other (Gothic *anthar*), i. e., *next* night, or this night again.
[2] 3 = gh.
[3] at intervals.
[4] did (began to).†
[5] hedge (hedge-born, in Shakesp. Henry VI = humbly born.
[6] bird.
[7] betide, come to pass.
[8] very (truly).
[9] cease.
[10] infant speech.
[11] known, confessed, p.part. of *kythen*, to make known.
[12] cause.
[13] not to be denied.
[14] light (of heart).
[15] since.
[16] not.
[17] ordain.

* Percy Society Publications, Vol. XXIII: Early Engl. Poet., X.
† The Percy Society MS. has *sayd* for *gan say*.
‡ P. S., *hayd* for *hay*.
§ P. S., *byrd* for *bryd*.

Shuld ly[18] in good aray ;
And than among[19]
It wer no wrong
To syng, by by, lullay.

Mary moder, I am thi chyld,
Thow I be layd in stall,
Lordes and dukes shal worsshyp me
And so shall kynges all.
ȝe shall well se
That kynges thre
Shal come the xij[20] day,
For this behest[21]
ȝefe[22] me thi brest,[23]
And syng, by by, lullay.

Now tell me, swet son, I the pray,
Thou art me leve[24] and dere,
How shuld I kepe the to thy pay[25]
And mak the glad of chere.[26]
For all thi wyll
I wol fullfill,
Thou wetyste[27] full well in fay,[28]
And for all thys,
I wyll the kys,
And syng, by by, lullay.

My der moder, whan tym it be,
Thou take me up on loft,
And set me upon thi kne,
And handyll me full soft,[29]
And in thi arme
Thou hyl[30] me warme,
And kepe me nyȝt and day ;
If I wepe,
And may not slepe,
Thou syng, by by, lullay.

Now, syn it is so, swet son *
That all thyng is at thi wyll,
I pray the graunte me a bone,[31]
Yf it be both ryȝt and skyll.[32]

[18] lie.
[19] in turn (at intervals).
[20] XII, the twelfth.
[21] promise.
[22] give.
[23] breast.
[24] beloved.
[25] satisfation = how shall I keep Thee pleased.
[26] face, countenance, as indicating joy of heart.
[27] knowest.
[28] faith.
[29] gently.
[30] cover.
[31] boon, gift.
[32] reason, reasonable.

* Percy MS. reads "Now, my sweet son, syn it is so."

That chyld or man
That wyl or kan
Be mery upon my day,
To blyse hem bryng,
And I shal syng,
Lullay, by by, lullay.

Hardly less charming is the following, entitled:

Ane Sang of the Birth of Christ.*

I come from Hevin to tell
The best nowellis [1] that ever befell;
To yow this tythinges trew I bring,
And I will of them say and sing.

This day to yow is borne ane Childe
Of Marie meike [2] and Virgine mylde,
That blissit Barne,[3] bining [4] and kynde,
Sall yew rejoyce baith [5] heart and mynd.

My saull aud lyfe, stand up and see
Quha [6] lyes in ane cribe of tree
Quhat [7] Babe is that, so gude and faire?
It is Christ, God's sonne and aire.[8]

O God! that made all creature,
How art thou become so pure [9]
That on the hay and stray will lye,
Among the asses, oxen and kye? [10]

O my deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare thy creddill in my spreit,[11]
And I sall rocke thee in my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee ever moir,
With sangs sweit unto thy gloir,
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that right Balulalow.[12]

[1] news.
[2] meek.
[3] Babe.
[4] benign.
[5] both.
[6] who
[7] what.
[8] heir.
[9] poor.
[10] kine (cows).
[11] spirit.
[12] sound of a cradle-song like "Lullaby."

* From Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities.* With the tune of "Baw lula low." He adds: *Angelus, ut opinor, loquitur,* i. e., I suppose an angel is the speaker.

The vernacular church-song as also the folk-song are the outgrowth of the Latin hymns of the Church. St. Ambrose, closely followed by other hymnologists, wrote in the style of the popular Latin poetry of his day. Thus he distinctly departs from the style of classic verse which latter was for the classes, whereas the popular poetry was for and came so to say from the masses. The Latin hymn served as a model for imitation in the vernacular. The transition from Latin hymn to English carol was nevertheless a slow process and only through the middle stage of mixed Latin and English phrase. This was likewise the case with the folk-song. The Agincourt song* begins with the refrain :

Deo gracias, anglia,
Redde pro victoria !†

The words *Alleluia* or *Kyrie eleison* frequently recur in the songs of the transition period. Sometimes the sentences were interspersed with Latin :

O glorious Johan evangelyste,
Best belovyd with Jhesu Cryst,
In cena Domini upon hys bryst
Ejus vidisti archana.‡

As a specimen of the Latin-English carol the following will serve :§

Alleluia, alleluia, de virgine Maria.
Alleluia, alleluia, of the Virgin Mary.

Salvator mundi, Domine,
Fader of hevyn blessyd thou be,
And thi son that commeth of the,
De virgine Maria.

Saviour of the world, O Lord,
Father of Heaven, blessed Thou be,
And Thy Son that cometh of Thee,
Of the Virgin Mary.

Adesto nunc propicius,
He sent hys sonne, swet Jhesus,
A man becum for love of us
De virgine Maria.

Be thou now propitious
He sent his Son, sweet Jesus,
Become a man for love of us,
Of the Virgin Mary.

* Probably written shortly after the battle of Agincourt, A. D. 1415.

† England gives thanks to God for the victory !

‡ O glorious John the Evangelist, best beloved of Jesus Christ, at the supper of the Lord upon his breast, thou hast seen the mysteries.

§ Percy Society, vol xxiii. Early Engl. Poet.

Te, reformator sensuum,
Lytyl and mekyll, mor and sum,
Worshyp that chyld that is cum
De virgine Maria.

Thee, the reformer of our senses
Little and great (many), more and some,
Worship that Child that is come
Of the Virgin Mary.

Gloria tibi, Domine,
Thre persons in Trinite,
Worshepe that chyld so fre
De Virgine Maria.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord,
Three Persons in Trinity,
Worship that Child so free
Of the Virgin Mary.

The Latin tongue has ever been a sweet sound in the ears of the children of the Church. Hence we find it used not only in the liturgical hymns, but also in popular strains such as:

Ave Sanctissima, we lift our souls to Thee;
Ora pro nobis, 'tis nightfall on the sea, etc.

The old carols have come down to us not merely in words, but in several instances with their original melodies. J. A. Fuller Maitland published some years ago *English Carols of the Fifteenth Century* together with the music arranged in modern notation by W. S. Rockstro. Of the thirteen pieces contained in this collection ten are Christmas carols, from which we take the following:

Ther is no rose of swych vertu
As is ye rose that bar ihesu.
Alleluya.

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bore Jesu.
Alleluia.

For in this rose conteynyd was
Heuene & erthe in lytyl space.
Res miranda.

For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in little space.
Thing most wonderful.

Be that rose we may weel see
Ther be o god in personys thre.
Pares forma.

By that rose we may well see
There be One God in Persons Three.
One in nature.

The aungelys sungyn the scheperdis to
Gloria in excelsis deo.
Gaudeamus.

The angels sung to the shepherds
Glory to God in the highest.
Let us rejoice.

(L)eue we al this werdly merthe
And folwe we this ioyful berthe.
Transeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth
And follow we this joyful birth.
Let us go over (to Bethlehem).

In imitation of the shepherd's horn, the carols sometimes introduced into the refrain the words tirlee, tirlo. This refrain

became peculiar of the Christmas carol, and served to call to mind vividly the shepherds in days when they watched the flocks in England, piping upon their horns.

Tyrle, tyrlo, so merylye the shepperdes began to blowe.

Abowt the fyld thei pyped full right,
Even abowt the middes off the nyght;
Adown frome heven thei saw cum a light,
Tyrle, tirlo.

Off angels ther came a company,
With mery songes and melody.
The shepperdes anonne[1] gane them aspy.
Tyrle, tyrlo.

[1] anon.

Gloria in excelsis the angels song,
And said, who[2] peace was present among
To every man that to the faith wold long.
Tyrle, tyrlo.

[2] how.

The shepperdes hyed them to Bethleme,
To se that blyssid sons beme;[3]
And ther they found that glorious streme.[4]
Tyrle, tyrlo.

[3] sunbeam.

[4] stream, ray (of light).

Now preye we to that mek chyld,
And to his mothere that is so myld,
The wich was never defyled,
Tyrle, tyrlo.

That we may cum unto his blysse,
Where joy shall never mysse.
Than may we syng in Paradice:
Tirle, tirlo.

I pray yow all that be here,
Fore to syng and mak good chere,
In the worship off God thys yere.
Tyrle, tirlo.

Most of the carols which have been preserved are assigned to the fifteenth century. But many of these are no doubt of an earlier date. In the course of transmission the copyists wrote

them down in the manner of spelling used in their day and in their own section of the country. It was the art of printing which gradually reduced written English to a uniform system of spelling. Before this, phonetic spelling prevailed. Hence the difficulty at first experienced in reading Old English. No less difficult is it to read Shakespeare in the old editions of the poet's works instead of the modernized versions. Even as modern editors of classic authors adopt the reading of our day, so would the copyist of old write off the new copy so as to be read by the people of his time. In this way the date of a Middle English composition became merely a matter of conjecture from its form of spelling, unless other evidence should come to hand and aid in assigning a date. Hence it is not unlikely that some of these carols represent an original of very ancient date of which our copy is merely the most recent form.

The difficulty at first experienced in reading Middle English easily passes as the student becomes familiar with the old-time spelling and phrasing. He then has direct access to what Spencer, speaking of Chaucer, termed the "wells of English undefiled." It is true, the polish and finish of the later English classics are not found in the Middle period; but as to true poetic quality the literature of the early period is in many respects superior. Shakespeare is the culmination of mediæval culture and Middle English letters. He is as reckless at times of poetic technique as any Middle English poet, but with a giant grasp he gathers up all the elements which are characteristic of the Middle English minstrel-craft. The true poetic element permeating the old and long-neglected masterpieces has not escaped the attention of those skilled in the matter. Ben Johnson declared that he had rather been the author of "Chevy Chase" than of all his works; and Sidney adds: "Certainly I must confesse my own barbarousness (*sic*); I never heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas, that I found not my heart mooued more then with a Trumpet." Oliver Goldsmith, speaking of the ballad "Bonny Barbara Allen," says: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sang me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's 'Last Goodnight,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'"

These judges hardly took into account those particular

beauties of the poetic and musical compositions of the old masters which arise from the purely religious fervor that expresses the language and melody of the heart. The Reformation had silenced the carol, and the legend and the Mystery Play. The true value of these compositions is only now beginning to dawn on the finer sensibilities and may find its way back to the people. May the day not be far distant when the due meed of appreciation will be given to the great Masters of Middle English, of whom we take leave for the present with this charming little carol:

Be mery be mery I prey yow euery chon.	*Be merry, be merry, I pray you everyone.*
A princypal poynt of charyte.	A principal point of charity,
It is mery to be	It is merry to be
In hym that is but oon.	In Him that is but One.
Be mery.	*Be merry*, etc.
For he that is but on in blys	For He that is but One in bliss
To us hath sent his sone ywys	To us hath sent His Son, I wis,[1]
To saue us fro foon.	To save us from foes.
For of a maydyn a child was born	For of a Maiden a Child was born
To saue mankende that was for lorn	To save mankind that was forlorn.
Man think ther on.	Man, think thereon.
Now mary for thi sonys sake	Now, Mary, for thy Son's sake,
'Saue hem alle that merthe make	Save them all that mirth make
And lengest holdy on.	And longest hold on.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

IV.—Astræa and Her Temple.

GLOOM, deep, sepulchral gloom, as of Phlegethon, hung down on the city of Cork, the evening of October 21, 1829. It was not only that skies were dark and weeping, anticipating the rain and sombre aspects of the approaching November; but a heavy shadow was over the city, as of some great event transpiring, or some dread horror being enacted in its midst. And such was the case. In the dingy courthouse, dimly lighted with tallow

[1] Certainly.

candles in tin sconces, and heavy with the damp air and the heated breath of hundreds of human beings, an advocate of the Crown was putting forth all his powers of eloquence; and satisfying his employers, the greater part of his audience, and his own professional conscience, by driving into the jaws of death his first batch of victims, the four unhappy prisoners who stared out despairingly from behind the iron spikes of the dock. The voice of this man, clear, modulated, precise, emphatic, was the only sound heard in that chamber of death. It rose and fell in waves of sound that seemed to the doomed men like the undulations of the bell that was tolling for their execution. And there was a tone of triumph in it, that said plainly: "Death for you, my prisoners: and your corpses the stepping-stones to the Bench for me!" It had all the fatal assurance of success in its ringing tones. There was no pause, no waver, no trembling,—only the deep tone of the prison bell, marking the inevitable hour.

Those who heard it said: "No use in sending that case before a jury! It is a waste of time! These men are already convicted!"

And what was it all about? Well, it was the old, old story, with which we are all so familiar in Ireland,—the story of injustice and revenge; cruelty and rapine, and consequent hate and reprisals. Men will never learn that wrong begets wrong; but then you have statesmen, jurists, philosophers, political economists, conjecturing in Parliamentary speeches and learned folios the answer to the eternal riddle:

> Whether is worst,
> The child accurst,
> Or else the cruel mother?
> The mother worst!
> The child accurst!
> As bad the one as th' other!

It was the lesson of every Greek drama; but we have not yet learned it. But how easy the transition! How swift and close the cause and cónsequence!

It was the time of the Whiteboy or Rockite agitation. We, who barely remember hearing our fathers speaking of it, retain but one dim, troubled memory of that fearful time—a sudden thunder of tramping horses at midnight, a flash of white-shirted

riders against the dark, the sudden halt at some doomed house, the awful summons to the sleepers, the flash and report of pistols, the sudden order to close up; and again the tread and trample of the ghostly horsemen, as they flashed in their errand of destruction through the night. When the morning dawned, a few peasants and laborers, here and there, leaned lazily on their spades, and stared innocently and wonderingly at the yeomanry as they rattled by. Their deeds were atrocious, it is said; and the terrible *vendetta* was held in fear and horror by the people. And yet these latter rather seek to excuse them. The tradition is, that the people were wrought to a pitch of madness by the brutality exercised toward them. The English King had come; and the excitable people, in a paroxysm of loyalty and hope, had rushed waist-deep into the sea at Kingstown to embrace his feet. The English King had gone; and sworn a solemn oath that he would lay down his crown and vacate his throne, sooner than grant them emancipation. In every farmyard in Ireland, the tithe-proctor was busy, distraining from the poor for the support of an alien and hostile clergy. Martial law obtained throughout the land, and men were hung by the wayside without trial by roving bands of mercenaries and yeomanry. Here, in this parish, is shown the field where a poor woman hid a hunted rebel beneath a flock of sheep; and here the tree where an innocent man was swung up by the troopers; and here, pointed out still in whispers, is the grave of an informer. Very old people, on their deathbeds, speak of that disastrous period as the "bad times." It remains for some impartial historian to apportion the blame equally between gentry and people, landlord and tithe-proctor and tenant; yeomanry, who, under the protection of the law, wrought murder and havoc amongst the innocent; and outlaws, who, against the law, took a fearful and an appalling revenge. Between the two were the innocent, and law-abiding and inoffensive population, who were victimized by both. These were the respectable, well-to-do farmers, who tried to suffer injustice in silence, and who, as in the case we are going to mention, were marked for vengeance by landlords and Whiteboys alike.

If ever you come to Doneraile, and your journey should be from east to west, you will pass a white house on the left-hand

side of the road, just beyond the ancient graveyard of Temple-Ruadhan, and just above the ancient castle of Ballinamona.

Here, Edmund Burke came to school when he resided with his relatives over there at Castletownroche; and here lived, at the time of which we write, a landlord and a magistrate, named George Bond Lowe. We know little of him, except that he was thoroughly hated by the peasantry around; and his life was sought more than once. He has left amongst the people the memory of a wanton libertine and a detested tyrant; amongst the gentry, that of an intrepid and fearless magistrate. So history is written; and so it remains, and will ever remain, a rather dubious and discredited art. You can hardly believe a Guelph about a Ghibelline; and take not the verdict of the Bianchi against the Neri. But about the fearlessness of George Bond Lowe there is no question. He was never fired at, but he pursued his enemies; and in nearly every case captured some would-be assassin, and had him promptly executed. Once his horse was shot beneath him. He arose, leaped the hedge, was again fired at, fired in return, and shot one antagonist, pursued the other, and grappled with him and arrested him single-handed, and had him promptly hanged in Cork gaol. Not long after, the carriage of a Dr. Norcott was fired into at the bridge of Ballyvonare, and his footman and groom severely wounded. His carriage was mistaken for that of another obnoxious landlord, Admiral Evans of Oldtown. Clearly then something was wrong in this parish of Doneraile. It would never do that in the nineteenth century, gentlemen cannot go out to dine, without a supper of musket balls and slugs from blunderbusses. Some action must be taken, prompt and decisive. But how? We cannot go round in coats of mail and chain armor, or with a *posse* of special constables behind our carriages. Something more expeditious must be sought; and it must be final and decisive, but above all, judicial. We are representatives of law and order; and our actions must bear the test of a strictly legal investigation. Nay, would it not be better to throw over the responsibility on Astræa herself? She hath the scales and the sword. Let her weigh in the balance, and execute judgment. But on whom? These masked and white-clothed assassins elude our vigilance. We cannot see them by night. Somebody must mark the victims, and then — ?

That "somebody" is never long wanting in Ireland; and he was promptly forthcoming in this case. A certain Patrick Daly, with "me cousin" Owen, and some others, is quite ready to swear (for a consideration) to the existence of a foul conspiracy, having for its remote object the extermination of all Cromwellian landlords; and for its immediate and pressing purpose, the removal of three marked men,—Admiral Evans, George Bond Lowe, and Michael Creagh. And how many might be implicated in this plot of Hecate? No less than twenty-one, of whom the Catiline is one Leary, an old man of seventy years, and hitherto of unblemished reputation. It is solemnly sworn before a senate of magistrates held in this very room where I am now writing, that "Leary was the captain, the leading conspirator; that in a tent, at the Fair of Rathclare, he produced a paper, or agreement, for signature by all who consented to murder Admiral Evans, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Creagh. Several signed the paper, and consented to shoot the three."

Here then was the whole affair in a nutshell. The conspirators are unearthed, twenty-one in all. The sleuth-hounds of the law are put on their track. It will be a Maccabean holocaust. Twenty-one corpses, dangling in the frosty air of a November morning, will assuredly strike terror into the whole army of the disaffected. It is quite true that these Dalys are utterly disreputable ruffians, whose word or oath no man would believe. It is also true that Leary, with his burden of seventy years, paying £230 a year by sheer, honest labor to the landlord whose murder he was sworn to be encompassing, was a man of the highest rectitude. And so of the others. What matter? Astræa is blindfolded, if not blind. And is there not a beautiful old Cromwellian doctrine, handed down from generation to generation from that sainted soldier of fortune: "If you could kill the nits you are safe from lice?" This, of course, only applied to babies—the spawn of rebels. But why may we, too, not extend it to parents and grandparents? Surely the converse is equally true: "If we exterminate the lice there is little to fear from nits!" *Allons*, then!

And so, on this dull October afternoon, Doherty, Solicitor General, "a man of fine physique and gentlemanly presence,"

is bearing down on his quarries with all the tact and determination of a sleuth-hound of the law. This is a *cause celèbre*, to be tried by a Special Commission, sent down by Dublin Castle. The panic-stricken gentry cannot wait for the ordinary Assizes. The case came before Judge Grady at the last sittings in the summer; but his Lordship clearly did not believe in the prisoners' guilt, for he said, with much solemnity and significance, "that he perceived that seventeen persons were charged with having participated in this conspiracy. If bills in this case should go before the grand jury, *and he was not certain they would*, he besought that they should not be found *without their having received the weightiest consideration*." And out of an immense jury panel of one hundred and thirty, altogether those of the county gentry, but thirty answered their names. And so, Judge Torrens and Judge Pennefather, duly commissioned, and clad in red, as a symbol of terror, and white ermine, symbolical of legal purity, are bending over their note-books, and jotting down the excellent points the eloquent and most gentlemanly advocate is making. Stenography was not then the fine art it is to-day; but there exist reports of that famous speech, from which a few sentences are worthy of being culled: "Gentlemen, I am highly gratified at seeing such an array of the rank, property, and influence of your great county, assembled together upon this occasion, rallying around those laws which, no doubt, it is their bounden duty to support . . . With respect to the finding of two grand inquests, even their decision will fail, unless the petty jury coincide; and when I see before me such a selection of the grand yeomanry of this county, I feel confident the subject will undergo the strictest scrutiny . . . I would call your special attention to the case of Leary, who, removed from the temptation of poverty, remains aloof in comparative security, sending out his less guilty emissaries to execute his bloody edicts. If the jury believe these facts, his is not a case that will excite the greatest sympathy. It is likely he will find many to speak for him as to character; but if the facts against him be proved, what will character avail? Of what avail is it, that he be industrious in his pursuits, faithful in his contracts, and sober in his habits, if foul conspiracy and midnight murder can be laid to his charge, and traced to his sug-

gestions? There is a reign of terror that coerces character. I do not anticipate that any such will display itself here,—that the high-minded gentry, the impartial magistrates, or independent yeomanry of the county will stoop to such a mode of conciliating a disgraceful and paltry popularity."

"High-minded gentry!" "Impartial magistrates!" "Independent yeomanry!" Where then were the prisoners' peers? Where, but set aside, and rejected, as they always have been? The very walls of that courthouse, could they speak, would echo as their first articulate sound: "Stand by!"

Nay, in the whole vicinity, not a peasant, or a laborer was to be seen. The gentry filled the jury-room, overflowed into the benches of the court and out into the avenues. They thronged the steps, and stretched along the streets, where cavalry and yeomanry patrolled in rank and file, sentinels of justice, and symbols of power. But the frieze-coat of the peasant was nowhere to be seen; nor the long, deep-hooded cloak that wrapped the mothers, or sisters, or wives of the men already doomed to death. Fear kept them apart from those they loved. It was the Red Terror again, transplanted from the Seine to the Lee. A look or a nod of recognition, and they, too, might be looking from between the spikes of that dreadful dock. And this terror originated in the panic of the landlord class, whose dread drove them hither in crowds as if to seek mutual support. Fear is more fatal than hate. And hence they thirsted for this banquet of blood. It is all well here, for here are the cavalry and yeomanry, and here are our lusty selves, side by side. But what shall it be, if the accused go free, and we have to return to our isolated chateaux,—to barred windows and loaded pistols there by the black mountain or the lonely river amongst the nests of Whiteboys and rapparees? No, there's but one thing clear,—a judgment that shall make the country white with terror from the Glen of Aherloe to the sea!

And so, all day long on that eventful Wednesday and Thursday, approver after approver came upon the witness-table and swore coherently and categorically to the guilt of these four men behind them. Why should they not? Were not seven hundred and twenty pounds worth grasping even at the price of awful

perjury? Are there not desert places away in unsurveyed America or in aboriginal Australia where their names shall never be heard, and Nemesis, the ever-pursuing, the all-seeing, cannot find them?

Two counsel were set apart by the judges for the prisoners. They were able men enough to argue out a breach of promise case, or get probate of a will refused in the Four Courts. Here, they were powerless as infants to deal with those rascals, hardened in iniquity and trained in their devilish vocation. A practised lawyer would have seen through them at once. Chief Justice Grady at the last Assizes warned the Grand Jury not to bring in bills against these prisoners on the mere evidence of the informers. But this is a *Special* Commission—and its specialty is to try—no, to convict these unhappy men. McCarthy, leading counsel for the prisoners, was a well-meaning but weak man. The Solicitor General awed him; he had to address a jury of gentlemen, and there was a general conviction in the air all around that something must be done. Clearly, he must do his duty and no more, which generally means it is not done at all. For, why did he not produce the prisoners' witnesses? They flung it in his face from the dock, and told him plainly he had betrayed them. The junior counsel, Pigot, was a learned man, an elocutionist, more or less of a *dilettante;* but attitudinizing before a cheval-glass in your library is not the best way to prepare for the arena. No man, not even the poet, needs to be dowered with the "scorn of scorn, the hate of hate," so much as an advocate pleading between life and death.

On Thursday night the case for the Crown closed; the case for the prisoners was never opened. But on Friday morning, as the Solicitor General had anticipated, witnesses were called as to character,—the weakest defence that can be made in a court of justice. Dr. O'Brien, parish priest of Doneraile, who built the parish church and convent yonder, testified to the good conduct of the four prisoners,—to the special respectability of Leary. Mr. Harold-Barry, a Catholic magnate and a sturdy, masculine character, gave similar evidence, was examined and cross-examined by Doherty. Evidence invulnerable and positive,—such a man could not be guilty of such a crime. You appear sympathetic, friend. May it not be that you are in the conspiracy yourself? What if we

should discover that you, Deputy Lieutenant of his Majesty, hold another commission as Captain of the Whiteboys? Harold-Barry turns scornfully on his heel and leaves Doherty, "a gentlemanly man, of fine appearance," somewhat disconcerted. Others, witnesses as to character and conduct and general good repute, come on the witness-table,—some, let it be said to their infinite honor, landlords and magistrates, who broke through the iron regulations of caste and creed to testify against judicial murder. Lastly, an old man stepped on the table,—Leary's landlord, and father of the Michael Creagh whose life, it was said, had been conspired against. He was about the same age as the prisoner, Leary; and, as he mounted the steps, their eyes met. What shall it be? We, landlord and tenant, have stood side by side for fifty years, met our obligations nobly (witness these two hundred and thirty pounds annually paid by that man in the dock), coursed these mountains together, fished that river side by side, broke bread and ate salt in that whitewashed cottage above the Awbeg. Are we now to part? The traditions of his class, his love for his son, his own safety, pull one way. Honor and loyalty, the other. "I swear," he cried, lifting his hand to heaven, "that I believe these men guiltless of the charge against them. No evidence shall ever convince me that Leary had hand, act, or part in any attempt on the life of my son." Noble words! and noble old man! If there had been a few more of your type the tragic history of Ireland would never have been written. What a ray of sunshine these words shot across the gloom of that wretched courthouse! How the prisoners must have felt! Death now is easy after such a noble vindication.

And it was death! Judge Torrens, a dark, sullen frown on his face, charged home against the prisoners. The jury did not even retire. After five minutes' consultation, they returned their verdict, *Guilty*. Torrens assumed the black cap, and sentenced the four prisoners, Leary, Shine, Roche, Magrath, to be executed on November 14th, following. As they left the dock, Leary, cried: "We are murdered! There is no justice here! There is nothing for us but revenge!" Quite so! Judicial murder! Revenge! Our corpses swinging here in the air of a wintry morning, and your brains blown out there under the black mountains of Limerick.

A pretty cycle of events, is it not? Cause and effect; effect and cause, *ad infinitum!* So runs the whole ghastly genealogy of Irish history:—

Cromwell begat massacres and burning; and massacre and burning begat reprisals; and reprisals begat Penal Laws; and Penal Laws begat insurrection; and insurrection begat the Union; and the Union begat outlawry; and outlawry begat Whiteboyism; and Whiteboyism begat informers and judicial murders; and judicial murders begat revenge, *et da capo.* Surely Astræa hath left the earth. Not yet! She is called back peremptorily for just a little while; and by a voice she cannot disobey.

Chapter V.—A Night Ride.

It would be difficult to put in language an adequate description of the consternation that fell upon the whole city, when at six o'clock on that fatal Friday evening, the court broke up, and the alarming tidings spread from mouth to mouth. The charge of Chief Justice Grady at the last Assizes, the difficulty in impanelling a jury, the tradition that no conviction could be obtained on the evidence of approvers, unsupported by direct or circumstantial evidence, had made the acquittal of the prisoners a foregone conclusion in the minds of the people. The friends of the accused had not even taken the trouble to secure the services of counsel. Now all was changed. The convicted prisoners were warned to expect no mercy; and, as the same evidence was forthcoming in the subsequent trials, for the informers had boasted they would "swear up to the mark," that is, to secure convictions for the Crown, it was clear there was no hope for the remaining seventeen prisoners whose trials were to follow. Despair, deep despair was upon the souls of many who had come up from the country to stand by father, or husband, or brother, in this supreme crisis of their lives. There was just one faint gleam of hope. The Solicitor General had announced that the trial of the next batch would be deferred to Monday morning. It would never do to lock up a loyal jury for forty-eight hours. In the afternoon of Saturday, a hurried conclave was held of all the prisoners' friends. No one knew who were to form the next batch of pris-

oners to be placed on trial. But no matter! All were friends and neighbors here. All should stand or fall together. Yes! but what hope? The same judges, the same approvers, the same prosecutor, and a similar jury. Given these factors you must necessarily have the same result. Certainly, if no one can be found to knock that process to bits, and by breaking up one factor, break up the whole result. But where can he be found? There is but one man in Ireland—in the world—that can do it; and he is ninety miles away in his home by the Atlantic. Nay, he is engaged for a great meeting in Tralee to-morrow about the everlasting question of Tenant-right. There is no train, no telegraph, no postal service. It is impossible!

Nay, not impossible to such love as brother has for brother. They speak of a certain horse in the city here, broad-chested, sinewy, deep-winded. He'll do the journey to Macroom if put to it, and there we get a relay of horses for the west. And you? Yes, I, William Burke, whose brother is over yonder awaiting trial,—I will ride to Derrynane Abbey, I will see the Counsellor, I will offer him your behests, and bring him hither if I can. But his fee? That's easily settled. In one hour, a hundred guineas are collected, the horse is duly fed and caparisoned, a little group, outside the city, bid the young night-rider God-speed! pat his gallant horse on the neck, grip his hands in a farewell; and the lights of Cork sink behind him, swallowed in utter darkness as he plunges into the night.

It was a wet, warm night, dark as Erebus; and the twain, steed and rider, knew nothing of the road. All they knew was, that they should follow for some time the course of the river, which they could hear murmuring on the left, as it tore over stones and pebbles on its mad rush to the sea. They were soon splashed with mud from head to heel, and the soft, warm rain had penetrated under and through the light garments the rider wore, that his weight might lie easy on the gallant animal, on whose endurance and swiftness so many lives were now depending. But neither animal nor rider felt aught but the stimulus of some mighty force that summoned all their energies, and made their success a triumph beyond description, and their failure,—well, as the thought of its possibility flashed across the young man's

mind, a great lump came into his throat, and he had to gulp down his emotion. His brother—the lad who was endeared to him by a thousand associations, of childhood, boyhood and manhood, was within possible distance of the hangman's grasp,—and oh! it was too terrible to think of it! He freed his bridle hand, and dashed it, wet with the rain of that winter's night, across his eyes, and urged the brave animal more swiftly onwards on their great mission. He saw but the pale glimmer of the road before him, and now and again the ghostly trees that loomed up against the sky and disappeared. He heard only the swish of the rain, that streamed on his face and hands, and the hollow murmur of the river on his left. Now and again he dashed past some laborer's cottage, saw the glimmer of light against the tiny window-pane, or perhaps, if the half-door were open, the humble family sitting around their frugal supper, and thought of their happiness, and his own,—O God! so great a trial. And it spurred him onwards into the night. People passed him, and leaped aside into ditches from the furious horseman, who tore through mud and slush along the road. "Life and death!" they cried to one another; "'tis a ride for life or death." Children cowered over the half smouldering embers in their cabins when the swift, heavy tread of the gallop smote their ears, and they whispered: "The headless horseman!" Once or twice, a word of warning was shouted after him, but he heeded it not. There was one fearful object behind him, the phantom of a horrible dread, and one objective before him,—the man who could exorcise that phantom, and he knew naught else. A few times he had to rein up before a blazing forge, or a laborer's dwelling, to ask the way, whilst the villagers, frightened at his appearance, and his panting horse, would ask:

"What is it, boy? A sick-call?"

"A death-call," he would answer. "Which road? quick, quick."

And they would point it out, with a muttered ejaculation, as the phantom horseman disappeared in the darkness: "God save us all, this blessed and holy night!"

At last, without stumble or accident, the horse and rider burst into the streets of Macroom about nine o'clock, and drew up at the principal inn. It was a strange apparition and presently drew

a crowd. A great cloud of steam arose from the chestnut coat of the horse, as he stood there panting and covered with sweat; and a similar cloud arose round the rain-soaken garments of the rider. And whither is thy night-ride? was the cry. Rest here! Horse and man both need it!

"Rest?" cried the young man. "I have done but a fraction of my journey. Good friends, food and a drink for this poor animal, and a morsel of food for myself. Then, a fresh horse, if he is to be had for love or money, and I'm off again!"

"But whither, boy? No man ever rode like that before, except to flee death, or win a wife!"

And he explained.

"Derrynane? O'Connell? Sixty-five miles as the crow flies! Nonsense, man, the thing is impossible. Somebody arrest that boy! He's gone clean mad!"

But he only listened, and ate and drank, and said nothing.

The ostler came forward.

"Not a horse to be had in Macroom. All gone up to the Assizes. Big business there! and all the lawyers and gentry are gone up."

The boy's heart sank. He looked at the weary, foam-flecked horse, thought of the seventy miles of road, declared it in his judgment an impossible feat. But then the face of his brother, John, staring out from the dock, rose before him.

"Look here, men of Muskerry, I am riding to-night as no man ever rode before. We are all on the same side. The halter is around my brother's neck to-day. To-morrow it may be around yours, or your sons'. Is there no horse to be had? I was told I could get a change of horses here!"

They greatly pitied him. But no! not a horse was to be had. If McWilliams could not give one, there was nowhere else to look, unless he would take some farmer's *garron*, that would pitch him before he was half a mile on the road. But to-morrow, Sunday, the farmers would be in town, and they would search Muskerry for him——.

"To-morrow! Alas! to-morrow would be too late! Seventy miles to go and ninety to return——."

A gleam of hope shot up.

"Can you, good people, let me have a relay of horses here for the Counsellor and myself to-morrow night?"

"Yes, lad, if they are to be had in Muskerry. Twenty, if you like, and stout men to lead them."

"Can you send forward—say twenty miles or so—a horse or two? The Counsellor will probably drive."

"Ay, ay, lad, it shall be so. They'll meet him at Keim-a-neigh, or beyond Inchigeela, so surely as I hold the Muskerry Hotel."

"A thousand thanks! Now, give him his head," and forward again into the night!

And the women said "God-speed! Surely God and His Mother will help him! The brother of such a cradle must be well worth saving!"

This time he missed the companionship of the river. He had now to plunge into a wild, savage country, across moorlands black with bog and turf, through deep valleys and horrid crevasses between mountains, where the dark night was even blacker than in the open, and he had to trust entirely to the instincts of his horse. He leaned forward and patted the neck of the noble animal and said: "So far, so good! But the worst of our journey is before us. Can you do it?"

And the faithful beast, as if he understood, threw back his ears, as if to say:

"Yes! barring accidents—the casting of a shoe, a stone on the road, a mountain torrent, or a broken bridge,—I shall carry you to your destination!" For who shall say that some secret instinct does not awaken in the minds of these poor dumb beasts, faithful servitors of man; or that some subtle, electric influence does not pass from rider to horse and make them for the moment one? At least this brave animal breasted the night and faced the struggle before it, as if he knew that some great trust was reposed in him, as he strode along through the darkness. For now no light in the cottages by the wayside cast a cheerful gleam across the rider's path. All was hushed into darkness and a silence broken only by the hollow hoofs that echoed through the blackness, and the far-off bark of some farmer's collie, awake in the watches of the night. It was midnight as they passed Inchigeela, leaving Lough Lua on the left, and the horse's hoofs began to

thunder and wake dreadful echoes from cliff to cliff amongst the passes that guard the Kingdom of Kerry. He guessed from the descriptions he had already heard that they were now beyond the frontier; but the whole width of Kerry was before them, afar to the very headlands that have breasted the Atlantic since Creation. Will the brave animal do it? Well, who knows? And surely God is with us. A little after six o'clock in the morning a faint pearly light behind him foretold the dawn; and soon the mists cleared away, and he saw beyond the cloud of steam that rose from his horse's neck and haunches that they were passing through glens and valleys of great loveliness, though the winter was upon them, and the shadow of the night. Cattle browsed peacefully along the meadows that skirted the wayside; and here and there, on knolls and between rocks, hidden in moss and lichens, sheep lay quietly awaiting the fuller dawn to go to their pasturage again. Signs of life, too, became soon visible amongst this early-rising and industrious people; and the weary rider was able to dismount and get food and drink for his horse and himself. And everywhere the same sympathetic inquiries were met by the same replies; and great pity was lavished on the boy who had undertaken so tremendous a task for a brother's life. But there was no staying nor stopping. The goal was not yet reached, and there were difficulties yet to be surmounted. The last hours of the weary ride were the worst.

"Go straight on," he was directed, "till you see the say. Then turn sharp to the right, and down in the valley you'll see the Abbey. And may God grant you'll find the Counsellor before you this blessed and holy Sunday morning."

And on he went, his hopes rising as the physical faculties were giving way; on, on, in a kind of dream, for the brain was weary after a night of anxiety. He saw, as in a vision, houses, farms, trees, speeding past; he returned the salute, "God save you! God save you kindly!" as if he were talking in his sleep. He nodded in his saddle, and even the mighty errand on which he was sent was fading away into a thing of insignificance, when a stumble suddenly brought back his senses; and pulling up the animal tightly, and as if by instinct, to save the fall, he looked up and saw the steel-blue sea, shivering in the dawn wind, and he

knew his journey was at an end. He turned swiftly to the right, and in a few moments, saw deep down in the valley, at the foot of a purple mountain, and embowered in forest trees, the Abbey of Derrynane, the home of the Liberator, and the goal of all his desires. He stumbled into the courtyard, and dismounted, or rather fell from the fagged and froth-flecked beast.

Chapter VI.—Ave, Liberator!

On that momentous Sabbath morning O'Connell was at breakfast, after having heard Mass in his private oratory, when it was announced that a man, quite exhausted after a night-ride of ninety miles, wished to see him on urgent business. The great tribune was then more than fifty years old. He had won his greatest triumph, when in the April of that year he had wrung the measure of Catholic Emancipation from an unwilling King, Commons, and Lords. He was now resting from professional and parliamentary labors, away from the bustle and noise of cities, and far from the treachery and hostility of men, here in his quiet home by the seaside. He was decidedly unwilling to be dragged from his peaceful retreat into the arena of courts and camps. The Parliamentary session of 1830 was looming up before him; and he foresaw how tumultuous it would be. Yet the moment he heard of this midnight ride, he ordered the young man to be brought into his library. Here, young Burke, face to face with the man whose image was before him all night, blurted out:

"I left Cork last evening at nightfall, and I rode ninety miles to see you, Counsellor. There are four men already under sentence of death in Cork, on account of the Doneraile Conspiracy. There are seventeen more to be tried, amongst them my brother, John. If you don't come, Doherty will hang every mother's son of them. Here are a hundred guineas! If you come our men are saved, and you'll have the blessings of their mothers and wives for ever!"

Briefly, O'Connell, touched with this signal proof of public confidence, signified his assent. Burke turned, with light in his eyes, to remount his jaded horse, and ride back with the glorious news. But this O'Connell would not allow.

"There's plenty of time. Rest here for the day; and in the evening we leave together."

Monday morning, October 26th, dawned gloomy and foreboding for the groups that were gathered here and there around the corners of the city. The judges had spent the Sunday at Fota, where they were entertained by Mr. Smith-Barry. The people, the prisoners' friends, spent the same Sabbath in the churches, hearing Mass and praying the Lord God of Justice to show justice, which was also mercy, to the accused. By order of the Bishop, the churches were kept open all night, and were more or less filled by men and women, who, leaning on forms and benches, besought the Invisible Powers to interpose, and stop the iniquity of men. At nine o'clock the Court assembled, the Judges took their seats on the bench, and four prisoners—Edward Connors, Barrett, Wallis, and Lynch—were put on trial. Edward Conners was a respectable farmer, remarkable for his great strength, a frame of massive proportions, a face of innocence, and the heart of a child. Perfectly conscious of his freedom from all guilt, he looked around at judges, barristers, and jury with a calm, unembarrassed gaze. He was innocent; and God was over him. If acquitted, well and good! If convicted, welcome be the will of God! You cannot hurt Christian stoicism of this kind.

Just as the proceedings were about to commence, there was a faint cheer outside the court-house, and young Burke, after his return ride of ninety miles, pushed his way through the throng and spoke to counsel for defendants. Scouts had been out all the morning watching for his arrival, and as he rode in triumph into the city, he had been greeted by a hundred voices:

"What news, William? Is he coming?"

"He'll be here in an hour!" said the boy with triumph and exultation in his suppressed tones.

Mr. McCarthy at once applied to the Bench for an adjournment. Quite impossible! The business of the Court has already been delayed over much. Proceed! But there are little stratagems known to men of the law by which they can throw little barriers and obstructions athwart the course of business, and these McCarthy freely used. It was seen through, however, and

Judge Torrens, raising his head from his papers, said sullenly, but definitely:

"The Court should make it its business to prevent delay and defeat artifice."

So the jury were sworn (this time partly Catholic, partly Protestant), and the Solicitor General was glibly and gaily unrolling his long arguments against the unhappy prisoners, when a mighty shout was heard outside the courthouse. It was taken up and, in increased volume, reverberated around the walls, and penetrated into the sacred precincts of the Court itself. Even there, men could not control their enthusiasm, and they cheered in the face of judges and counsel, as O'Connell, clad in his great frieze-coat, travel-stained and wet after his night's drive, strode into the courthouse, surrounded by a wild, exultant crowd, and escorted to his place by the friends of the prisoners, no longer cowed and frightened, but triumphant and daring. A new light shone on the faces of the prisoners in the dock, and the Angel of Resurrection visited the condemned prisoners behind the bolts and barriers of their convict cells. It was the *Ave, Liberator!* put in their own rough way by the people, the people who worshipped him and would have died for him.

Whilst writing these words, my eyes fell on an open page, where a certain poet, an idolator of Napoleon, describes the entry of that world-destroyer into the streets of Düsseldorf. It was a triumphal march, surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of military display. Yet it was calm and serene as the face, colored and chiselled like that of a Greek statue, or the little hand that toyed with the bridle of his richly caparisoned horse. But, beneath that serenity, one could easily hear "the drums and tramplings of three conquests,"—the crash of artillery, the thunder of cavalry, the destruction of cities, the bleached bones of two millions of men, the rumble of ammunition-tumbrils as they tore over the dead and wounded, and you could hear their mutilated carcases crack beneath the wagon-wheels that bore the thunderbolts of the little god. Yes! all was here serene on the calm streets of the German city; but every one, even to the boy-bugler, or the drunken dragoon who shouted his *Ave, Imperator!* knew that this little god was Apollyon, the destroyer. How different the

enthusiasm and acclamation that hailed the Liberator in this city by the Lee! He comes to save, and not to destroy; to rescue, not to capture; to open the prisons, not to fill them; nay, to bring back the already dead from the grave, and to restore them to their friends. And his very presence, apart from his ministrations of mercy, is an assurance that all will be right. The might of England is against them; the Judges are plainly prejudiced; most of the juries are packed; the Crown Advocate, with his gentlemanly presence and aristocratic airs, is bent on driving that large batch of peasant-farmers into the hollows of premature graves. But, no matter! Here is the Deliverer! It shows the genius, as well as the sufferings of the race, when this people struck on the only title that was commensurate with O'Connell's great services to them; and in a far-off echo of that name which haunted the brains of kings and prophets for four thousand years, saluted their champion with the ever memorable title, *Ave, Liberator!*

O'Connell bows to the Bench, salutes in a particular manner Baron Pennefather, an old comrade on the circuit, apologizes for his unprofessional appearance (no time for toilettes on that night-journey), and asks permission to breakfast in Court. Certainly! It is unprecedented, but—— A formidable breakfast is supplied, a pile of sandwiches, and a huge bowl of milk. A meal for a giant; but then this *is* a giant. Meanwhile the Solicitor General goes on airily spinning his viscous webs around these men in the dock—finely rounded sentences, for he is a gentleman and an elocutionist, each sentence loaded with its fatal innuendo and appeal to prejudices already keen enough—when suddenly the beautiful sentences are rudely broken by a voice:—

"*That is not law!*"

The Solicitor General is surprised at such audacity. He has not heard anything like it before,—leastways from the gentlemanly advocates who had been playing tierce and quart with him for the last two days. He appeals to the Bench. The Bench decides against him. And on he goes in his spinning minuet, the web now rudely broken, and he trying ineffectually to repair it, when again, the same deep thunder echoes from a mouth filled with meat:—

"*And* THAT *is not law!*"

Hello, there! This is intolerable. The strands of the web hang piteously broken in his hands, as he appeals again to the Bench. Again the Bench decides against him. With somewhat less assurance he proceeds, again to have the airy fabric rudely torn:—

"*That statute has been repealed!*"

There is no gainsaying the fact. The Bench upholds the interruption. Doherty, now quite angry, forgets himself utterly, and unfairly twisting and misinterpreting certain evidence given the day before, asserts that John Harold-Barry had taken the Whiteboy oath, and was privy to the intended murder of George Bond Lowe. O'Connell springs to his feet, and regretting that he is not permitted to rebut the hideous calumny, requests the Solicitor General to observe the rules of forensic debate, and not to refer to evidence given in another trial. The Solicitor General sits down. Clearly this is no gymnasium exercise; but a duel to the death.

The approvers mount the witness-table. In five minutes O'Connell elicits the important fact that two of them had been kept for the last few months in Dublin in a police-office; also, that Daly's brother had been tempted by the gentle Owen to join the gang, and secure a subsistence for life at the simple cost of perjury and murder of the innocent.

"I never saw such well-drilled witnesses in my life," said O'Connell.

Solicitor General protests. O'Connell threatens to have him impeached before the House of Commons.

"The allegation is made on *false facts*," saith Solicitor.

"How can facts be false?" asks O'Connell.

"I have known false facts, and false men, too," says Doherty, perturbed and illogical. The cross-examination proceeds. Patrick Daly, the glib perjurer, is somewhat embarrassed.

"Wisha, thin, Mr. O'Connell, 'tis little I thought I'd have *you* before me this morning."

Yet, so well was the fellow drilled, O'Connell failed to shake his evidence.

Late at night another approver, named Nowlan, touched by remorse, or irritated at the evident superiority of Patrick Daly, shouted out, as he went down from the witness-table:

"An' if the thruth wor known, there are the innicent there as well as the guilty."

An admission that didn't seem to create any qualms of conscience in the prosecutors or judges.

Jury retires late. Promptly returns to declare there is not the slightest chance of agreement. Ordered into retirement again. Doors thrown open at 10.30 at night. Tumultuous crowd rushes in. "Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?" No chance of agreement whatever! Go back and ruminate. No fire, no food. That may bring you to your senses. At two o'clock in the morning, judges summoned from their lodgings. Jury agree to acquit one prisoner, Barrett, who instantly vanishes in the darkness. Jury also acquaint judges with their conviction that they do not believe one single word sworn by three of the informers. Defiant, almost treasonable; but they are cold and very hungry, and these two factors do away with a great deal of caution. Next day it is the same story. One juror, Edward Morrogh, is for acquitting all the prisoners. Nine for acquitting two. At six o'clock a certain juror, Atkins, complains of gout,—a strange experience after an enforced fast. Dr. Townsend, promptly summoned, is put on oath, and after some demurring is duly commissioned to briefly examine the patient, make his diagnosis, speak to this subject and to other jurors not one word on any other topic whatsoever, report to Court if life is in danger, etc., etc. Dr. Townsend is introduced amongst these weary and doleful gentlemen, examines foot of Atkins, finds it much swollen, patient has touched no food since he ate a crust of bread the foregoing morning, returns to Court, reports juror's life in danger. Judges wish to discharge jury. Prisoners' counsel, McCarthy, probably instructed by the wily O'Connell, strenuously objects. It is quite illegal. They cannot be discharged until they find a verdict one way or the other. He is merciful, however. He will allow the jury any food or refreshments they may require. Court rules this to be strictly illegal. They must be discharged, or consent to be starved into a verdict. At last, and after many a weary legal argument, the jury, after their forty hours' session, are discharged, and the prisoners put back to the next Assizes. But the watchful and wary O'Connell, who had purposely absented himself from this discussion between his junior counsel and the Court, instantly seized on this illegal proceeding to demand the liberation of the

prisoners. During the whole day, October 28th, there raged a triangular crossfire from him, the Solicitor General, and Judge Pennefather, O'Connell strenuously contending against the Court and Crown Counsel that, according to the law, the jury could not be legally discharged; that if discharged, the prisoners should have the benefit of acquittal, and that the presence of the physician constituted a breach of the principle of *non-access*, and therefore vitiated the entire proceedings. As a mere forensic debate it is extremely interesting, as found in the *Southern Reporter* and *Commercial Courier* of that date. One can easily read that O'Connell was no mere platform orator or Parliamentary debater, bearing down all before him in the torrent of his vituperative eloquence, but as close and skilful a reasoner as ever took a knotty point of law and tried to disentangle it or use it against his antagonists. He succeeded so far that he compelled the Crown to postpone to next Assizes the trial of those three men, who would otherwise have been arraigned the following morning.

Just before this great debate arose a characteristic episode took place. A poor fellow, named O'Keeffe, forgetting his frieze-coat, had the presumption to show himself on the courthouse steps the previous evening, and was promptly arrested. The other vermin were run to earth; but here was a new quarry. Stunned and bewildered, the unfortunate man bleated pitifully:

"Why am I brought here? I have been tried on this charge before at Doneraile, before Colonel Hill, Major Vokes, and other magistrates, and acquitted. I am as innocent as the judges on the Bench, and am brought here wrongfully. I met Daly the day of the Fair, and he was so stupidly drunk he was turned out of the tent. This was the plain truth. If there was anything against me, why was I not arrested before?"

Then it transpired that a most important witness for this prisoner, and for John Leary and the other prisoners, named Heireen, had been taken away from the office of the prisoners' solicitor, Mr. Daltera, by the chief constable, Keily, under a distinct engagement that he would be forthcoming at the trial; but he had been spirited away, no one knew where, and was not to be found. It also appeared that one Daniel Keeffe, another material witness for the prisoners, had been seduced away by a man named

John Shinnor, connected with Crown affairs, and had not been seen since. Other little things are coming to light, for Astræa is not altogether blind; and Pennefather, apparently a just man, is becoming somewhat scrupulous and concerned. He animadverts bitterly on this system of tactics; men's lives are concerned; already one man, lying now under sentence of death, might have been saved; what were counsel for the prisoners doing, that not a word was said about the spiriting-away of witnesses during Leary's trial? Mr. McCarthy is put on his defence, and pleads that it was Leary's own wish to proceed without this witness. Yes, but Leary was too sure of his innocence. He did not know the subtleties of the law. One witness, more or less, he thought, could make no material difference. But you knew the law, friend McCarthy, its pitfalls and dangers; and these were ignorant peasants. No wonder, they cried, in the fatal dock: "We are betrayed!" Baron Pennefather is evidently angry. There is some foul play here, or gross neglect; and he orders the humbled and penitent McCarthy to sit down. Then he relents a little and excuses the crest-fallen counsel. But he has his own ideas clearly on the whole matter. Suddenly Daltera declares that he had submitted the affidavit to Leary's counsel, and they had declined using it. This puts a new complexion on the affair. The Judge's indignation is rising again. Mr. Pigot admits that they had read the affidavit, but declined using it because Heireen could not be got at, and they were strengthened in that belief by the manner in which this most important witness had been spirited away from Daltera's office. So the matter drops. Baron Pennefather leans back in his seat and thinks a good deal,—thinks especially of these four men, who are to swing in the frosty air in two weeks' time. Keeffe is put back; and the hounds are drawn off. The great forensic debate commences; and so ends the second act in the little drama. But somehow the judges seem a little abstracted; the Crown counsel are a little disconcerted. This little episode has introduced the first element of panic, which is to end in absolute rout.

Chapter VII.—Astræa Redux.

"This will never do!" So said a famous critic when guillotining a certain poet. So said Solicitor General Doherty, when this mixed jury disagreed, and three of his victims ran the chance of escaping. It was quite clear that mixed juries, like everything else that is mixed and mongrel, are bad. This time we shall take care to have the *sang pur*. There shall be no mistake. Hence, on Thursday morning, young Burke (brother of our midnight rider), Shine (whose brother is already sentenced to death), Connor, and Murphy are in the dock. The panel is called. Gentlemen of the highest respectability, land-owners and agents, are ruthlessly set aside on account of their religion, and an exclusively Protestant jury is carefully impanelled. There shall be no loophole of escape this time. There will be the additional gratification of defeating this Boanerges from Kerry, who, most assuredly, cannot be described as of "very gentlemanly appearance and decidedly aristocratic address."

Patrick Daly improves as he goes along. He wishes to earn his portion of that £720 honestly, and to give good value to his employers. In his own choice language, he wants to "swear up to the mark," a pretty simile taken, I believe, from a certain measure of porter. It has transpired already that Patrick Daly was so drunk at that Fair of Rathclare that he couldn't stand. Nevertheless, he testifies glibly to what took place there; how the famous assassination paper was produced for signature; how Burke, the prisoner, was present as a member of the committee; and how he, Patrick Daly, told it all to Colonel Hill, immediately after the Fair.

This was very satisfactory. But here a dramatic incident occurred. Judge Pennefather beckons to O'Connell to approach the Bench. O'Connell approaches; the Judge shows a paper, and both heads—Judge's and advocate's—are bent in consultation for a few minutes. There is a hush in court. Patrick Daly is melodiously silent, and somewhat perturbed. Doherty cannot make it out. At last, O'Connell returns to his place, the paper in his hand; and, after Daly's direct examination had concluded, O'Connell arose.

"The day after the Fair you described to the magistrates in detail all that had occurred in the tent?"

"Yes!"

"You mentioned the assassination order?"

"Yes!"

"And the names of the committeemen?"

"Yes!"

"This is your signature, I presume?"

"'Tis like it!"

"Then you have told the jury all that happened in the tent?"

"Well, thin, since you want the whole information, Murphy here said that there was as bad min in the counthry as the three gintlemin that wor to be killed; that Major Maxwell and Misther Batwall ought to be killed too; Mr. Daniel Clanchy of Charleville, he said, will give £100 to the man that kills Maxwell, and £200 to the man that 'ull kill the two."

O'Connell read over Daly's deposition (the paper handed him by Baron Pennefather). There was not one word about the assassination order, nor of the other details just sworn to by the accomplished witness.

"Me cousin Owen" appears on the witness table. Patrick has sworn that Owen was not with him in the tent. Owen swears that he was. It would never do that Patrick should pocket the whole bribe. He must "swear up to the mark." Of course he was there, and can tell everything just as glibly, and even more picturesquely than "cousin Pat." His zeal and eloquence are wonderful. But, like many in other spheres of life, zeal and eloquence lead him astray. He contradicts "cousin Pat" in a dozen particulars, and is ordered peremptorily from the witness box.

This time Baron Pennefather addresses the jury in a solemn, lengthened speech, daintily balancing the scales of Astræa, instead of flinging in the sword of justice, with a "Væ victis!" against the prisoners. Jury this time, exclusively Protestant as they are, do not leave the box, but promptly acquit the prisoners with their verdict: "not guilty." There is a sense of relief visible in the entire court; and Judge Pennefather leans over the Bench, and whispers to Mr. Bennett, one of the junior counsel for prosecution:

"George, let me not see you here again!"

The following day, the defeated Solicitor General announces that "his learned friends and himself have decided not to proceed with any further trials at present, and that the remaining untried prisoners might be let out on bail."

Meanwhile, the sentence of death on the first batch of prisoners was commuted to penal servitude for life, although they were convicted on exactly the same testimony that was so promptly rejected by the third jury. However, that sentence, too, was relaxed after they had been transported; and their children and children's children are here in Doneraile to-day.

The duel, however, between the Solicitor General and O'Connell did not end here. In the next session of Parliament O'Connell moved for the depositions of Patrick Daly, and also for the notes taken by the Judges during the trials. It was unusual to demand the production of the Judges' notes; but O'Connell explained the importance of the case, and in doing so he paid a tribute to the justice, courtesy, and honor of Baron Pennefather, and, by implication, a decided censure on his brother-judge. But the main object of the motion clearly was to indict the Solicitor General, for that he, with such remarkable discrepancies in his hands as existed between the depositions of Daly and his after-testimony, did press home against the prisoners for conviction, and suppressed these facts in his charges to the three juries. The debate opened up the wide question—Whether counsel, with direct testimony or circumstantial evidence before him as to the innocence of a prisoner on trial, could in honor or conscience either suppress such evidence or influence the jury for conviction? The debate was singularly interesting on account of the principle involved. O'Connell's speech was remarkable for its wonderful moderation, a fact on which he had to bear a good deal of hostile chaff from the ministerial side of the house. The Solicitor General's reply was singularly feeble, wandering away to polities, and quoting O'Connell's speeches at dinner-tables and on platforms against his studied moderation in the House. The Member for Mallow, C. O. Denham Norreys, backed up O'Connell in a lucid and argumentative speech, in which he insisted that the point of debate was—Had the Solicitor General in his possession at each of the

three trials the very depositions, etc., on which Judge Pennefather directed the acquittal of the prisoners? A Mr. North, defending the Solicitor General, attacked O'Connell in a furious piece of declamation; and so the debate raged during a sitting of Parliament, until at last the heavy weight of votes on the ministerial side bore down all opposition, and O'Connell's motion was negatived by a majority of fifty-eight.[1] And so the Doneraile Conspiracy passed into history, and is now but a name signifying but little to the minds of the peasantry.

The name of the Solicitor General[2] has passed into oblivion so complete that I should never have heard it, but that it echoed out of the grave of history which I have opened. If, however, there be any immortality on earth, surely it will be that of the great advocate,who, from the first years of his striking career, took up the people's cause and defended it, often at the risk of personal losses in the profession he had chosen to follow, and sometimes at the risk of his life. Yet, amidst all the triumphs of his life, political and forensic, I understand that he deemed this rescue of the Doneraile peasants and laborers not the least; and, as he said in the House of Commons, it was a case into which he threw his whole heart and soul. And amongst the many incidents that he loved to recall from a career full of every kind of dramatic episode, I understand that he dwelt with particular pleasure on that memorable night-ride through the mountains and by the lakes of his native county; and with particular emphasis on the tremendous contrasts between the beauties and sublimities of Nature, as he saw it that morning by hill and valley and river, and "the rascalities of an Irish Court of Justice."

The peasants returned to the homes they thought they should never behold again. They sat once more by firesides which they thought were extinguished for them forever. And slowly a better feeling crept in between the people and the local gentry. The very gallant way in which many of the latter, at the risk of social

[1] It was this victory that emboldened Doherty to bring on again at the Spring Assizes the prisoners let out on bail.

[2] He lived a short time in history as "Long Jack Doherty," a nickname given him by O'Connell; he had realized £80,000 by his profession and speculations, but died penniless.

ostracism, protested against what they rightly deemed a miscarriage of justice, touched the hearts of the people, and dissipated the unhappy hostility that had arisen from political causes. Providence has balanced very lightly this airy Irish nature. It swings to a touch. Where heavier natures creep slowly up and down according to the weight or pressure of circumstance, the Celtic temperament leaps to the weight of a feather; and you have sullen depression, or irresistible gaiety, murderous disloyalty or more than feudal fealty, in swift and sudden alternations.

During these momentous trials, for instance, O'Connell thought it his duty to challenge a Protestant juror. It was reported that this man said, after the convictions on the first trial, that there should be a gibbet at every cross-roads in the county. A wave of indignation swept over the minds of the people at this truculent, unscrupulous expression. But lo! a witness testifies that the words were used in quite a different sense, and were condemnatory of Crown methods of prosecution, and sympathetic with the prisoners. "If this kind of thing is to go on," he said, "they might as well erect a gibbet at every cross-roads in the county." Quite a different thing! And so Irish anger swept around and evaporated in a cloud of incense about the popular magistrate. And so these sad winter days a great deal of popular indignation ebbed away in a more gentle and kindly feeling, or was diverted against that class which has always been an object of particular horror in Ireland,—the approver or informer. There, there is no relenting, no pardon! The awful stain goes down from generation to generation; and their children and children's children are the pariahs whom no man will willingly converse with, and with whom any alliance, particularly of marriage, is regarded as treasonable and dishonorable to the last degree. Hence, every one of these hated wretches had to quit the country, and even in foreign lands to change his name. But the magistrates, against whom the conspiracy was originally formed, remained in their country-seats and lived honored and revered by the people, and died peaceably in their beds. And then every remnant of the memory of this drama was swept aside when the terrible spectre of the famine appeared. And as we read how, in sudden torrential deluges in American sand-prairies, beasts, the

most hostile to each other, will gather and congregate on some vantage point of safety to escape destruction, and forget their natural antagonism in the common instinct for safety; so, in view of that dreadful scourge of 'forty-eight and 'forty-nine, all lower feelings of caste and race were blotted out, and in the common peril men forgot everything but the common safety. It was the new genealogy (alas! so often interrupted since in favor of the spurious and historical lineage which we have mentioned above),—justice begat confidence; and confidence begat toleration; and toleration begat mutual understanding; and mutual understanding begat love; and love begat that Union which we all desire.

Here we shut up the cabinet of history, and pass out into the gardens of romance.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

"DIES IRAE": AN EXPERIMENT IN COMPRESSION.

THE last list of English versions of the *Dies Irae* published by Mr. Warren ended with the year 1895, recording under that date one English and nine American versions. His list was very complete, although we have noticed one omission, which, added to his enumeration of 234 versions, would make a grand total of 235 translations into English alone. A natural query would be: Why add to the number? And yet the year 1895 witnessed nine American versions by a single translator, W. W. Nevin, who had some vindication in the example set by Dr. Coles with his eighteen, and by the Rev. Mr. Duffield with his six versions. The hymn has indeed perpetually allured translators; but it has equally baffled them.

When Gladstone published his translations of the *Odes of Horace*, he felt the necessity of offering some apology for adding to the long list of translators into English, beginning with the lordly Milton. "Why," asked the eminent statesman, "Why add to the number?" "That question," he continued, "is entitled to receive an answer. My answer for the present is as follows: There is, in my view, one special necessity of translation from Horace, which has, so far as I know, heretofore received in many

quarters what seems to me a very inadequate share of attention—that is to say, the necessity of compression." He declares that "Milton, in earlier days, and Conington, in our own, are conspicuous exceptions, and almost the only exceptions to this observation. And without compression, in my opinion, a translation from Horace, whatever its other merits may be, ceases to be Horatian—ceases, that is, to represent the original."

The following translation of *Dies Irae* is an attempt at compression of the original within very restricted syllabic limits; namely, within triplets of iambic 6s — a narrow form of verse attempted, we believe, by only one translator of the hymn, the Rev. Canon Oakeley, who, after completing three of the stanzas, seems to have relinquished the task in despair. While such an experiment in compression may be interesting as a novelty, it has perhaps a better apology to offer for itself; and a slight study of th character of the original Latin and of the metrical forms in which the English versions have been cast will not be amiss in this place.

The hymn was written by its author in triplets of trochaic 8s; and the largest[1] number of English versions have been made in this metre—a tribute to the contention of many editors that a translation should, as far as possible, conform to the metre of an original.[2] Mr. Warren protests that it is practically impossible, save at the expense of literalness, elegance, and correctness of grammar, to conform to such a canon of translation in the case of the *Dies Irae*. Others have assented to this protest, sometimes formally,[3] and sometimes impliedly (that is to say, by choosing a different metre). Thus, forty-seven versions are in the next nearest approach to the original metre, the trochaic 7s. There is also a fragment by G. W. Pierce in trochaic 5s. Coming next to

[1] No less than 91, of which 85 have three rhymes to the stanza.

[2] See THE DOLPHIN for November, pp. 529–530.

[3] So the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cloyne, who prefaced his version in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (August, 1888, p. 704) with this comment on the question of metrical form: "The great merit of this sublime sequence, and the extraordinary popularity it has attained, is, it seems to me, attributable to the simple grandeur of the thoughts and images it presents to the mind, the passionate earnestness of its pleadings for mercy, and the naturalness and appositeness of the language in which they are clothed. The more literally, therefore, these are reproduced in a translation,

the iambic foot—forty-four versions are in iambic 8s; one, the fragment of Canon Oakeley already referred to, in iambic 6s; and two in iambic 8 8 10. We need not consider the other metrical forms, of which ten are in couplets, three in quatrains, nine in various "peculiar" measures.

While the summary just made shows clearly that in proportion as the metrical form recedes from that of the original the number of versions decreases, still the objection against the trochaic 8s remains, since the double rhyming makes a combination of literalness, elegance, simplicity, and grammatical correctness extremely difficult. But once we depart from exact conformity with the original metre, the question of the degree of departure appears to assume a very diminished importance compared with that of crystalline compactness of form. For it is to be remembered that the original Latin uses many long participial forms, and therefore requires more space in metre than an equivalent English rendering. Thus the stanza—

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus—

can be simply rendered: "How great shall be the trembling when the judge shall come to sift everything strictly." In the whole stanza there are only two modifiers, *quantus* and *stricte;* and the stanza could be fairly rendered into the extremely compact form:

O what trembling when
Christ shall come again
Strictly judging men!

To expand the metre into that of the original Latin, to seek rhythmic conformity rather than literalness, almost necessitates making additions to the simplicity of the original—*e. g.:*

the more likely they are to produce in the reader's mind the effect intended by the author. I have endeavored also to adhere to the metre as closely as I could, with the exception of the double rhymes at the end, which I found it impossible to preserve without departing too widely from the line I laid down for myself, of adhering strictly to the sense and language of the author." The translation follows, in iambic 8s. This he appears to consider the nearest approach to trochaic 8s, "with the exception of the double rhymes at the end." Others may consider that, once the double rhyming is departed from, a nearer approach to the original metre would be found in trochaic 7s, rather than in iambic 8s—iambic not being the foot of the original metre.

Dr. Macgill.	Archdeacon Rowan.
Hearts *and rocks* will then be rending, As the Judge is seen descending, And the doom of all is pending.	Lo, that solemn Advent nearing, How the nations, *mazed* and fearing, Wait their Judge's reappearing.
Roger Tracy.	**Dr. Krauth.**
O what terror shall oppress us When the Judge comes *to confess us*, Strict and stern to curse or bless us.	What a fear the *heart is rending*, For the Judge *is seen* descending, Love with justice no more blending.

The italicized words indicate unnecessary additions; but the general amplification indulged in by the translators is only indicative of the spirit of freedom from the shackles of literalness which is apt to come upon the translator when he makes additions to eke out the measure—a spirit which, in Archdeacon Rowan's version, leads him to sacrifice the very important third line, *Cuncta stricte discussurus*, entirely. Trochaic 7s do not fare very much better:

Erastus Benedict.	Dean Alford.
O what trembling there shall be, When the coming Judge we see, All to try impartially.	O what trembling shall appear When His coming shall be near, Who shall all things strictly clear.

Benedict's version does not make a very intelligible syntax—"coming" being used both as an adjective qualifying "Judge" and as a strict participle governing "All to try impartially." Alford, on the other hand, does not make it "strictly clear" what his third line means—one must understand the Latin original in order to understand the translation.

In the case of the second strophe of the hymn, then, it is evident that wide limits of metre do not make for literalness of rendering. A similar difficulty confronts the translator in the seventh stanza, with its long participial forms: *sum dicturus, rogaturus;* and a somewhat similar one in the sixteenth stanza (and in others also, *e. g.*, the fifth and sixth) with its long participial adjectives, *maledictis, benedictis*. The most important stanza, however, is of course the first. It is important, partly for the reason that it *is* the first—and much depends, in a translation, on the sense of fidelity to the original which a version can immediately show. But it is important for the much stronger reason that its

very first line is a *locus classicus*—a line important outside of the hymn, as coming from the prophet Sophonias:

Dies irae, dies illa,
Dies tribulationis et angustiae,
Dies calamitatis et miseriae,
Dies tenebrarum et caliginis,
Dies nebulae et turbinis,
Dies tubae et clangoris, *etc.*

Four words fill out the full metre of the Latin—*Dies irae, dies illa.* How must the translators add to the original by epithets or inversions or paraphrases, in order to fill out an equivalent measure of English feet? The English literal rendering is: "A day of wrath is that day" (as the prophet has it); or "The Day of wrath, that day" (as the poet probably has it). Here are some of the first lines of the English renderings:

A day of wrath, a dreadful day.
A day of wrath that day shall glow.
Day of anger, all arresting.
Day of anger, day of sighing.
Day of anger, day of wonder.
Day of doom, O day of terror.
Day of judgment, day appalling.
Day of judgment, day supernal.
Day of vengeance, day of sorrow.
A day of wrath that day, ah me!
Awful doomsday, day of anger.
Day of anger, day of mourning.
Day of anger, day of trouble.
Day of anger, lurid breaking.
Day of ire, that day impending.
Day of judgment, day of urning.
Day of terrible requital.
Day of vengeance and of burning.

These are only a few illustrations of the manifold additions requisite for expanding the simplicity of the original into the trochaic and iambic 8s or 7s of English versions. Favorite expansive epithets are: dreadful (26 times), dread (7 times), awful (14 times), appalling (6 times), burning (10 times), mourning (5 times); while *morning* for *day* has such "portentous" adjectives as *terrific*, *lurid*, *fiery*, *portentous*, etc. Some of the additional nouns and adjectives found in this first line are: kneeling, dooming, wailing, doleful, final, mighty, illuming, affrighting, wrathful, august, tremendous, certain, haunting, trouble, wonder, unsparing, dying, undying, impending, urning, supernal, requital, wages, sorrow, scorning, crying, consternation, tribulation, expected, direful, amazing, dismaying, foretold, etc., etc. In the midst of this very dictionary of words where is the simplicity of the original Latin? where is the

poet's echoing of the great line of the prophet—a line which, seems to anticipate the *mirum sonum* of the last trumpet itself?

It is evident that a translator who allows himself the space of an eight-syllable line should find it easier to preserve the essential future tenses of the Latin original than the translator who must confine himself within much narrower limits. The distinction of tenses is essential; for the first six stanzas of the hymn are epic or descriptive, and paint a picture of the future, whereas the remaining stanzas, containing a present prayer of the singer, should preserve faithfully the "lyric cry" of the singer. The seventh stanza—

> Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
> Quem patronum rogaturus
> Cum vix justus sit securus?—

forms the bridge between the epic and the lyric in the hymn. It is indeed future in grammatical tense; and yet it really paints the singer, not as present at the Day of Judgment, but as asking himself, now and in this life, a question that is answered by the following stanzas of supplication that He who is to be the Judge on that day shall now prove Himself a Saviour before that day—

> *Ante* diem rationis.

The distinction is important; but very many translators have hopelessly jumbled, together with the tenses, the argument of the hymn. Especially have they blurred the picture by using present tenses in the epic stanzas. It may perhaps be accounted a merit of the following translation that, within such narrow limits of space, it has consulted for the proper discrimination of tenses. Having stated this first requisite of any rendering of the *Dies Irae*, we may content ourselves with quoting Gladstone's requisites for a successful translation of the Horatian Odes and his grim comment thereupon—requisites which, although probably not so essential in the case of the *Dies Irae*, we have, nevertheless, endeavored to compass:

"The conditions of that work, if it is to be properly done, are, as I view them, sufficiently severe. He[4] should largely abridge the syllabic length of the Latin text; should carry compression to the farthest

[4] The translator.

practicable point; should severely limit his use of licentious and imperfect rhymes; should avoid those irregularities in the use of the English Genitive, which are so fatal to euphony; even though he find any of them supported by the authority of Shakespeare, for example, in the line—

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

He should endeavor, with whatever changes of mere form, to preserve in all cases the sense and point of his author, and should sparingly allow the perilous but seductive doctrine of free translation. At the same time he must respect the genius of the English tongue, and aim at the easy flow of his numbers. With these purposes in his eye, he will find that he has no easy task in hand." [5]

Dies irae, dies illa,	The Day of Wrath, that day
Solvet saeclum in favilla;	Shall earth in ashes lay:
Teste David cum Sibylla.	Thus Seer and Sibyl say.
Quantus tremor est futurus	How then shall earth and sky
Quando Judex est venturus	Tremble, as Christ draws nigh
Cuncta stricte discussurus!	Strictly all things to try!
Tuba mirum spargens sonum	Then shall the trumpet, blown
Per sepulchra regionum	Through graves of every zone,
Coget omnes ante thronum.	Cite all before the Throne.
Mors stupebit et natura,	Then Death shall see, aghast,
Cum resurget creatura	The sleepers wake at last
Judicanti responsura.	To answer for the past.
Liber scriptus proferetur	Then shall the Book be brought
In quo totum continetur	That holds each deed and thought,
Unde mundus judicetur.	Whence judgment shall be sought.
Judex ergo cum sedebit,	The Judge upon His throne
Quidquid latet, apparebit;	The hidden shall make known,
Nil inultum remanebit.	Nor any ill condone.
Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus?	Ah me! what shall I plead?
Quem patronum rogaturus,	What patron seek in need,
Cum vix justus sit securus?	When scarce the just are freed?

[5] *The Odes of Horace*, translated into English. Pp. 7, 8.

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

O King of majesty,
Who giv'st salvation free,
Hear Thou, and pity me!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae;
Ne me perdas illa die.

Jesu, remember, pray,
For me Thou trodst Thy way:
O spare me on that day!

Quaerens me sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Me soughtest Thou in pain,
Me diedst Thou to gain:
Be not such labors vain!

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

O Judge of vengeance just,
Forgive this erring dust
Ere judgment be discussed.

Ingemisco tamquam reus:
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

The guilt my groans declare,
My shamèd face doth share:
O God, Thy suppliant spare!

Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Who Mary didst set free,
And thief upon the tree—
A hope hast given to me!

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

No worth my prayer can claim:
Do Thou, in mercy's name,
Save me from endless flame.

Inter oves locum praesta
Et ab hoedis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra.

Amid the sheep to stand,
Place me at Thy right hand
Far from the goatish band.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

When the accursèd fall
Beneath the fiery pall,
Me with the blessèd call.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

My suppliant prayer is sent
From heart to ashes rent:
Guard me, till life be spent!

Lacrimosa dies illa
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

A day of tears and gloom,
When man shall to his doom
Rise from the glowing sod:
Him therefore spare, O God!

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

Thou Lord and Saviour blest,
Grant them eternal rest.

H. T. Henry.

Overbrook Seminary.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

XVI.—The Prodigal Son.

I HAVE often heard young men who lived as I did give expression to sentiments like the following: "It is impossible to do otherwise. Everybody does it. Confessors do not know anything about life as it really is. There is a crisis which comes inevitably in every young man's life. There is no use trying to choke it off. You might as well try to stop a torrent."

I said this as others said it, and even more emphatically and persistently, and at the same time I knew very well that I was lying, and that is the very reason why I protested so loudly.

No; it is not true that it is impossible for young men to live according to God's law. They say they cannot; but herein they do but try to deceive themselves. They could break away from their bondage; but they love it, and will not leave it, and they will not pray for the strength to leave it. It is pride that makes them say that everyone does the same. This is their way of justifying themselves. They say that it is not weakness which makes them do what the rest do. At any rate they do not need to reproach themselves with being hypocrites. They do wrong, but they do not conceal it, whereas those who pretend to pure living pose as virtuous, and at bottom are no better than others. Those who speak thus thrill with satisfaction when they hear of the fall of a young Christian who has had the name of being faithful to his duties. They fain do think that such a failure justifies them in their own eyes, and enables them to hold up their heads; for, they say, at least they can claim the merit of being candid. It is this sentiment, one of the most dangerous man can harbor, which renders popular such characters as Molière's Tartuffe, and will continue to immortalize that Comedy: "So much for the pious! They are no better than the rest of us; and in any case we do not try to hide what we are."

I said all this too, and when, in those evil days which I shall mourn to my life's end, I met a young man of sound habits and irreproachable conduct, I felt a sort of aversion for him. I resented that he should be virtuous, whilst I was plunged in vice. This integrity, which of itself was a rebuke to me, was odious to me, and not being able to deny it, I wished to suppress it, for its brightness hurt my eyes.

Such is the language, and such are the sentiments of the sinner who does not want to acknowledge his own wretchedness. I have been through it all, and I know very well that at that time I tried to cheat even myself by saying that I could not observe the divine law, and that everyone else did just what I was doing myself.

This last assertion was an impudent falsehood. Yes; there are young men who walk without fear and without reproach in the way of the commandments of God. I know it, and I have known such men, and they were not a few individuals here and there lost in the general crowd. They walked with eyes uplifted, and pursued their way filled of courage and enthusiasm, proving by their attitude that virtue is not a mere idle word here below. It is not indeed by their own strength that these valiant Christians push forward on the arduous road which leads to heaven. It is grace which enlightens, directs and fortifies them, and this grace they obtain by persistent prayer, that prayer to which Christ Himself has promised the victory.

God did not make sin a necessity. To say so or to think so is blasphemy against the Divine Wisdom and Justice. Therefore man has always the power to avoid sin. The personal experience of everyone of us proves that it is always possible to resist temptation or at least *pray* for the necessary aid; but the sinner does not wish to pray, because he does not desire in earnest to change his life, because he loves his misery, because he loves the mire in which he is wallowing, because like the prodigal in the Gospel he wishes to feed upon the husks which the swine eat.

One day—I anticipate events somewhat—I encountered an old school-mate in the neighborhood of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires. François Charley had remained faithful to God. He knew quite well that I was following another road, for I had, indeed, openly told him so.

"Let's go in to Notre-Dame-des-Victoires for a moment, as we used to," he said.

The proposal was anything but agreeable to me, but I had no plausible reason for refusing, so I followed Charley after making him promise not to keep me long.

I had hardly knelt down before the Blessed Virgin's altar, when the most intense emotion surged through my whole being. The thoughts of faith awoke with extraordinary force in my soul. This was an awful crisis in my life. I felt that if I were to remain there, I would be conquered by the Mother of Mercy, *but I did not want her to reclaim me:* I loved my sinful manner of life. I loved my slavery, and hardening myself against Divine assistance, I rose by a violent effort, and walked quickly to the door of the church. Charley, much astonished, followed me, and when we got outside asked me what had happened. I complained of a slight indisposition and the need of air, and after a few commonplace and constrained remarks, I left him as soon as possible in order to hide my emotion from him.

That day I was guilty of horrible ingratitude toward Almighty God, and it was only a miracle of Divine Mercy that prevented my being cast off forever.

And now came the long vacation, and I could no longer postpone my departure for Anjou. At Easter I had alleged as an excuse for not returning to the Hutterie the invitation of a friend to spend a few days with him at his home in the Bordelais. It was untrue; I did not leave Paris. I knew very well that this sort of a pretext put forth at the end of the school year would appear very strange, and might give rise to suspicion. Moreover, I was not sorry to leave for a time the burning heat of the city, and breathe the more salubrious air of the fair valley of the Loire. And, finally, the hunting season was at hand, and I looked forward to surpassing, if possible, my record of the previous year as a marksman.

I had not studied at all since coming to Paris, and I fully deserved to fail in my examinations, but at that time the examinations for the first year of the law course were mere child's play, and any student who had a tolerably good memory could, with the aid of the text-books, in a few weeks get an idea of the matter

to be covered. This idea would be very superficial, of course; but it would be sufficient to carry one through. As I learned very easily I managed to scrape through, and without passing a brilliant examination I obtained some marks of approbation which were sufficient to save me from the accusation of having wasted my time.

I reached Angers on the second of August early in the morning. Marguerite was waiting for me at the station with her country wagon, drawn by a big farm horse which now took Fanfan's place. We were soon at the Hutterie. My sister was overjoyed to see me, and I was glad too, although I felt secretly unworthy of her pure affection. This was because I had not lost my faith. I was far from renouncing my evil ways, but I still experienced occasional pangs of remorse, and realized that I was travelling on the wrong road.

What a contrast between my feelings now and formerly when going home for vacation! In those days when I returned from school, my heart was filled with joy and peace, and I would throw myself into my dear sister's arms with the simplicity of a child. But now, though I was glad to see her, I was constrained and uncomfortable in her presence, and I instinctively avoided her eyes, as if afraid that their clear pure gaze would penetrate to the very depths of my soul, and probe the gaping wound made there by sin.

Marguerite's suspicions were soon aroused, for she was so accustomed to read in my eyes the emotions of my heart! She did not at once seek an explanation, but I could see by the sadness that came over her that she divined a part of the truth.

The first Friday of the month of August came round; she asked me if I were not going to church with her. I did not dare refuse, as it would give her an opportunity to question me, and I went with her to Saint-Laurent. Needless to say, I did not go to Holy Communion. I still had too much faith to commit a sacrilege. On the way home Marguerite talked of other things, and said nothing on the subject of religion.

The next Sunday I went to Mass with her and the household. As yet I had not grown lax toward this commandment of the Church, even in Paris, except once or twice when by culpable

negligence I had failed to fulfil it; but I did not habitually miss Mass.

The feast of the Assumption came, and still I did not approach the Sacraments. As we were returning from Saint-Laurent, I noticed that Marguerite's face wore an expression of indescribable sadness, and tears glistened in her eyes. When we reached the house, she went up to my room with me and sat down, drew me down beside her, and put her arms around me.

"My dearest," she said, "there is surely something wrong. You never failed to go to Holy Communion on a day like this. I beg you to tell me what it is that weighs on your heart. Tell your big sister, your 'little mother.' If you have done wrong it will be forgiven, only I must know it, dear Paul. You know, father and mother placed you, body and soul, in my keeping. You know that for your sake I have *broken my heart.* I have never reproached you with it, dear, but now you have reached the turning-point in your life! So far you have always confided in me: do not hide away now from your true, your best friend. Come, Paul, don't be afraid. I will say the worst at once,—you have been in bad company; have run in debt; perhaps, even, you have lost your faith. Tell me what it is, and with God's help all will be well. I have some little savings which will set you straight again. But do not keep everything to yourself like this. Tell me, oh! tell me!" and the sweet child's tears fell on my forehead.

I was deeply moved, and was on the very point of laying bare to her motherly heart my own with all its load, but pride checked on my very lips the confession which was about to escape. I caught myself up, and feigned astonishment. "It is not right for you to worry so, Guitte," I said, drawing gently from her. "I have not lost my faith, I assure you. You know that I always go to Mass on Sundays. As for Holy Communion, I do not like to change my confessor, so I gave up Abbé Hermant, because he is away so much. I chose another priest, and I like him very well. I go to him now, and that is why I have not been to confession since vacation began. I tell you candidly that I detest changing my confessor."

"But how foolish!" interrupted Marguerite. "I am sure you

know Abbé Aubry well enough, our old pastor; and he is always at Saint-Laurent, and never leaves his house. You can find him whenever you want him, and you know how fond he is of you."

"Oh, he was all very well when I was a little chap, but now I don't care to go to him. There's no good insisting."

"And whom do you go to now?"

"By Jove! I don't know what the priest's name is, but he suits me first-rate."

Marguerite looked searchingly into my eyes, but I stood her gaze without flinching.

"It is very strange," she said. "But I must believe you," and she left me to begin her round of visits to the sick.

She did not touch upon the subject again for the remainder of the holidays, but I could see that it was continually on her mind.

We were alone at the Hutterie for the months of August and September. Charles and Lucie were travelling, and we did not look for a visit from them until the next year.

The hunting season soon began, and I gave myself up to my favorite sport with my usual ardor. And then those fair days passed like all things else, and toward the end of October, after sacrificing the first woodcocks which appeared in our forests, I buckled my valise and once more set off for Paris.

"I do not know what state your soul is in," said Marguerite gently as she kissed me good-bye; "I cannot force your confidence. There is nothing left for me but to pray. Only promise me two things: Say a *Memorare* every day, and never doubt my affection."

I kissed her tenderly, much moved myself, and jumped on the train which carried me Northward.

This second year, November, 1860, to July, 1861, was most disastrous to the interests of my soul. I not only resumed the sort of life I had been leading, but I went much further in my evil course. I gave up my religion completely.

I read execrable books, much more dangerous than those obscene productions which, though they kill the soul, it is true, do not at the same time destroy faith. The writers of whom I speak now aim higher than the heart; they seek to bring down

the intellect by extinguishing the supernatural light, the divine torch of faith which illumines it. This is not the work of an instant, and so it was slowly, day by day, that I absorbed the poison fed to my soul.

I began by voluntary doubts against the truths of faith. Influenced by what I read, I took pleasure in my skepticism, caressing it and encouraging it, because it spoke in the interest of my passions. I wished religion to be a myth, for if it were, I might sin without compunction and be relieved from the gnawing of conscience. Such is the history of almost all who lose their faith.

God is a restraint. If He did not exist, we could give ourselves up to pleasure, undisturbed by a single importunate apprehension, and our enjoyment would be much more free. So the head becomes the accomplice of the heart; and as grace, in just retribution, diminishes in proportion to the hardening of the will against it, the fatal hour comes when the light of faith, flickering more and more faintly, at last goes out; and then darkness, a mortal darkness, settles down over the intellect; and because God can no longer be seen, there are loud protestations that He does not exist.

This was my story, as it is of many others. Everlasting praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Mercy which rescued me from this dark night, and kindled once more in my soul the flame which sin had quenched!

This year I lived on the bounty of my sister-in-law. When the law-school closed, I returned to Anjou for the summer holidays. Charles and Lucie, with their young family increased by a seventh heir, had preceded me by several days. The Hutterie was very lively that year. Jeanne and Madeleine, Hippolyte and Charles, Louise and Claire, and little Jean, the latest arrival, had brought sunshine and joy with them, and the old house reëchoed as of yore to continual outbursts of merriment and glee. Even Marguerite, who had seemed worn and depressed at the beginning of the vacation, recovered apparently her old-time health and spirits under the influence of the dear little ones.

"O Giovintu, prima vera della vita!"

All went well for several weeks, but then the storm burst. Charles, to whom Marguerite had probably spoken of her fears

in regard to me, frankly interrogated me on the subject. I was ready to let Marguerite speak to me about my private affairs, even though I paid no attention to her advice, but I resented the interference of Charles; and, as he became rather heated in the course of his remarks, I flew into a rage, and we had a violent altercation. From that day forward I cherished bitter feelings against him, and I knew very well that I should burst forth on the slightest provocation.

The hunting season opened that year on the first of September,—which happened to be a Sunday. The evening before, at dinner, I was arranging with Charles the details of our expedition for the next morning. We had decided to start at six o'clock, after early breakfast.

"You are reckoning without your host, gentlemen," said Lucie, suddenly breaking into the conversation. "There will be no five o'clock Mass to-morrow, as there generally is on Sunday. Abbé Renaud is ill, and Abbè Richard will not say the first Mass until eight. I have just come from Saint-Laurent, and the pastor himself told me that the hunters' Mass would be omitted. So you will begin your campaign by a little act of mortification."

"Oh! very well," said Charles, contentedly. "The hares and partridges will have three hours' grace. We will start at half-past nine. That settles it."

"Pshaw!" I said, with an air of supreme indifference; "we might as well start at six."

"You would rather go to High Mass, then?" answered Charles. "That strikes me as being very inconvenient."

"Oh," I rejoined, coldly, "we can very well dispense with High Mass, as well as low Mass, and medium Mass, and every other Mass."

Everybody gazed at me in amazement.

"You are joking, I suppose," said Charles, gravely; and then in an undertone, "Do not jest on such subjects before the children."

I had been angry with my brother for several days, and I seized this opportunity to push him to the limit of his endurance.

"I am not joking," I said loudly. "I am not going to Mass to-morrow. You are free to do as you please. As for me, I gave up believing in all that nonsense some time ago."

If a thunderbolt had struck the dining-room, the shock could not have been greater than the effect of my words.

Hippolyte, Charles, Madeleine and Jeanne opened their eyes wide, and stared at me in blank surprise; Lucie turned as white as a sheet; Marguerite covered her face with her hands and wept aloud; Mademoiselle Dupont, the governess, did not know which way to look, and Cillette and Lexis, who were waiting on the table, stopped near the door, with their hands full of plates, as if petrified.

Charles remained perfectly cool and composed, but there was an expression of deepest sadness on his face as he spoke to me gravely and severely.

"You have given us all much pain, and I am sure you will be sorry for it before long, for you have a tender heart. As the head of the family and as a father, I am forced to protest in the presence of the children and of the servants, as they have all heard your blasphemous remark. But this does not fulfil all my obligations. I am your guardian (he laid stress upon the word). I shall be so for one year longer, and consequently it is my duty and my right to watch over your outward behavior. Mark well, I will not permit a repetition of such a scandal as this, and you must in future respect the faith in your words and by your conduct."

I got up, roused to my very depths. "I am turned out," I said proudly. "Very well! I am quite able to take care of myself. I can dispense with the ridiculous allowance which you only made me, it seems, in order to keep me under your thumb. It will be quite useless to write to me. I will not answer your letters," and thereupon I marched up to my room, and began to make hasty preparations to leave. I was mad with pride, and intended to leave the Hutterie immediately, and on foot, in spite of Marguerite's entreaties, and also those of Charles, who generously blamed himself for being too hasty. At last I yielded to the point of taking the carriage, and then I turned my back upon my poor family, leaving them plunged in consternation and bitter grief.

I have many a time since my conversion wept myself at the thought of the tears shed on my account by those who loved me

so much. How awful to think that I was also the cause of Divine sorrow and that our Lord, during His Passion, wept for me!

As I journeyed toward Paris, I was pondering in my mind what I should do for a living, now that I had absolutely cut myself off from the family. I could no longer count on Lucie's assistance. Frightened by the scene just described, she had told Charles and Marguerite then and there how she had, for the past two years, been sending me large sums of money, under the impression that she was contributing to my support and my education. This unexpected revelation was a complete surprise to my brother and sister, who now realized what must have been going on. They had not the heart to reproach Lucie, who began to comprehend what she had done, and accused herself, weeping, of being the cause of all the trouble, but her husband forbade her to send me aid in the future under any pretext whatsoever, without first consulting him or Marguerite. The poor thing promised, and she kept her word.

It mattered little; I no longer needed her. Here is the plan I evolved for obtaining the money with which to continue my life of dissipation. I was not yet twenty years of age, and my signature being worthless, no money-lender would have honored it, but one of my associates, who had reached his majority, and was heir to a large fortune, undertook to go security for me. On these conditions, a usurer agreed to lend me twenty thousand francs at ten per cent., after having ascertained that the following year I would come into possession of my property, which was worth about twenty-four thousand francs, being half the value of Mesnil and the Hutterie, the inheritance of myself and my sister. In this way, a large sum of money was placed at my disposal, and I was better able to give free rein to my passion for unlawful pleasures.

In order to forestall any interference on the part of my family, I left my apartment in the Rue du Bac, without leaving any address, and took up my abode at the other end of the city in a furnished apartment, where I went under an assumed name. By this means I hoped to render futile any attempt which my relatives might make to discover my whereabouts.

XVII.—The Angel of Mercy.

From the first part of September until the middle of December, 1861, I abused my health and strength by indulging in every sort of excess. I managed to get rid of fifteen or sixteen thousand francs in the restaurants or at the gambling-table in the space of three months, and I was already thinking of contracting another loan on the same terms as the first, when Providence intervened.

For several days I had been feeling languid and tired, and now I was suddenly seized with very high fever. When the fever left me, I felt dreadfully weak and exhausted. I knew I must have the advice of a physician, but I did not want to give my address to anyone but the people about me, so I sent for a carriage and drove to the office of Dr. R—, who had been recommended to me by a friend.

All this time they were in the greatest state of anxiety at the Hutterie and at Lyons. The letters which had been sent to my address in the Rue du Bac or to the general delivery had not been answered. Marguerite was distracted. She had written to everyone who had known me when I first went to Paris, to the director of the patronage where I used to spend my Sunday afternoons, to Abbé Hermant, to the president of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, and to all those with whom she thought I had had intercourse. All trace of me had been lost. Charles thought that as a last resort the police should be notified, and a search instituted, but Marguerite wished to avoid such measures, as she thought they would only exasperate me the more. She preferred to trust to prayer.

On the eighteenth of December she wrote to Charles: "I am about to go to Paris. I hope Almighty God will direct me, and help me to find our poor boy. I am taking all my savings with me, in case my stay should have to be prolonged. I intended this money for the poor, but if it give me the means to save my dear Paul's soul, could it serve a better purpose?"

She left the Hutterie on the morning of the nineteenth, and arrived in Paris that same evening. She went directly to the Rue du Bac, and finding my old quarters still vacant, she rented them by the month. The next morning at daybreak she went to Notre-

Dame-des-Victoires, and stayed there several hours at her prayers, begging the Blessed Virgin to help her find the lost sheep. Full of confidence she rose from her knees, and left the church, walking straight ahead and trusting God to direct her steps. She had not gone two hundred yards when she caught sight of me in a passing carriage (I was just returning from my visit to the physician). An exclamation of joy broke from her lips. "Paul! There he is! Oh, thank God!"

Her cry made me turn. "Why, it is Marguerite!" and stopping the driver, I took my sister by the hand, and drew her to a seat in the carriage beside me.

"Unkind boy!" she said. "How could you treat us all so!" And then in alarm she noticed my appearance. "What has happened to you, poor child? Why, you are very ill! Your eyes are bright with fever. What is the matter with you, Paul dearest?"

"I suppose I have typhoid fever," I said with a weak attempt at a smile; "at least I have just been to a physician and that is what he says. I cannot keep up any longer, and I hardly know what I am talking about."

"Never mind!" she said. "Don't be worried. I have come just in time to take care of you. The Good Lord has sent you a trained nurse. I know something about sickness, you remember." She stopped the driver, who was taking us to my new number, and said to him, "Forty-eight, Rue du Bac."

"But I don't live there any more."

"Rue du Bac," she repeated authoritatively. I realized that a barrier was to be placed between me and my associates, but I made no further resistance. I was too far gone.

As soon as we reached my old lodgings, Marguerite put me to bed, and told me not to be uneasy as she was going to get a physician and some necessary medicines. I was glad to have her near and to know that I was no longer deserted. "Now that 'little mother' has come I have no more to say," I said, smiling. "You are at the helm. Do whatever you see fit."

She left me, promising not to be gone long.

First she went to the telegraph office, and sent a dispatch to the Hutterie and to Lyons: "Paul found. He is sick. I will

stay here." She then proceeded to my new lodgings, where she quickly bundled up my belongings, and had them put into the carriage. This done, she went in search of a physician, whom she brought back with her and who examined me thoroughly. He, also, pronounced the case to be typhoid fever, and after leaving certain prescriptions he departed, saying he would return in the morning. Marguerite had already established herself in the little room leading out of mine, and had a cot placed there, but she did not use it, for she never left my side day or night.

It would be impossible to describe the devotion and tenderness with which she labored to save my life. For thirty days and nights the brave girl watched me continually. I was delirious from the first and did not regain consciousness, and Marguerite would not allow herself to sleep for fear that she would lose the opportunity that a lucid interval might afford of reconciling my soul to God. For many days I hovered between life and death. A priest came and gave me conditional absolution and Extreme Unction, but I was not conscious. I have a vague recollection of seeing a person in black go through some motions at my bed-side, but that is all. How many go to meet their God without receiving the Sacraments any more efficaciously than this!

At last the justice of God was appeased by my sister's prayers and tears, and I began slowly to come back to life. I remember so well the moment when I became conscious once more. My eyes fell on Marguerite sitting in an armchair by my bed saying her beads. The poor child was a painful sight to behold. She was so pale, thin, and altered that she looked worse than I did.

"Is that you, Marguerite?" I said softly.

"At last!" she cried. "He knows me!" and she bent and kissed me, overcome with joy. I looked at her more closely, and I was frightened. Her hair had become gray, her cheeks were perfectly bloodless, her shoulders stopped, and a sharp dry cough racked her every now and then.

"You have overtaxed yourself, dear Guitte," I said. "You have killed yourself for a miserable wretch like me. It is all wrong."

She smiled brightly. "I am not dead yet," she answered. "But if the salvation of your soul demands it, I may have to go even as far as that! The sacrifice would be nothing to me!"

"Oh, don't!" I said in an agony of remorse. "Don't talk that way. You will make yourself ill in earnest if you keep on imagining such things!"

We were interrupted by the entrance of the doctor. After seeing me, he expressed himself as being well satisfied. "You are out of danger," he said, "provided that you observe certain precautions. Before many days are over you will be fit to leave for Anjou. Meantime you must be absolutely still. But I am afraid, Mademoiselle," he added, looking at Marguerite, "that you need rest more than your brother does. It is high time you were thinking of yourself. You have gone beyond your strength."

He little knew that the devoted child had watched at my pillow incessantly, day and night, for a month, fighting off sleep by the most violent efforts. It was nothing but her indomitable will that kept her up.

As soon as the physician gave us permission we started for home. Marguerite had seemed a little better for some days past, which was probably due to the fact that she lay down at night. She carefully attended to all the arrangements for the journey, taking a sleeping coach in order that I might travel more comfortably, and as far as I was concerned the trip was accomplished without the slightest effort or fatigue. At the Hutterie all were in readiness to receive me and to give me the care which my condition demanded. Native air worked wonders, and my convalescence was very rapid, so that in a short time I was able to go downstairs, and walk a little in the garden. My strength increased visibly. It was only February, but the air was as soft and balmy that year as if spring had already come, and before long I was well enough to take drives about the country. It was a great pleasure to see once more the fair land which I knew and loved so well, and had explored so thoroughly as a child when I used to go with Marguerite on visits to the sick and the poor.

At the end of two months I was perfectly well again, but it was now my turn to be anxious. My beloved sister had completely exhausted her own strength and vitality in caring for me, and the state of her health gave the gravest cause for alarm. To all my inquiries about her condition she would answer that she

was better, that there was nothing the matter, that I must not worry about her, and that if she had only more self-control I would not notice anything out of the way; but, in spite of all her assurances, I was far from being easy. Charles came and spent a few days with us while I was convalescing, and he insisted upon Marguerite's consulting a physician. The doctor said she was in a very serious condition, and that the first symptoms of consumption had plainly declared themselves. He ordered absolute rest, said she must avoid all fatigue and take the greatest care of herself, and he positively forbade her to make her usual visits to the sick, at least for the present.

Realizing at last that it was her plain duty to take care of herself, she promised to follow out exactly the physician's instructions.

About the end of March I left her to return to Paris. I was certainly in a better state morally than before my illness. I was touched to the very bottom of my heart by the lofty and unselfish devotion of my poor sister, and I blamed myself severely for having caused her such bitter grief. As for Charles, his conduct toward me was most magnanimous. When I was getting better I had confided to Marguerite that I had borrowed twenty thousand francs, most of which had already been squandered. "The loss of money may be made good," she said gently, "but who will restore your lost innocence?"

As soon as Charles heard of the affair he said, "I will assume the debt. We don't want our name to be connected with such a transaction any longer." He went at once to Paris, and settled with my creditors, and when on his return I tried to thank him for what he had done, he answered cheerfully, "It is not altogether your fault that you are so inclined to be rash; but now do let's begin to be more rational! I do not mean to reproach you," he added, sighing; "I know how tender-hearted you are and that it is punishment enough for you to bear the anxiety about our poor dear sister, which is as hard upon you as it is upon me."

My dear brother and sister! I loved them and was truly grateful to them, and longed to give some other proof of my feelings than mere expressions of gratitude, but as yet I could

not give them the assurance for which they were waiting and hoping, and which would have amply rewarded them for all their trouble. *I believe!* No. I could not say it yet, for although a disgust for unlawful pleasures was beginning to spring up in my soul, my mind was still in darkness,—just punishment from God for having so long abused His grace.

Before I went away, Marguerite asked me if the sufferings of my long illness had not revived my faith, but I was obliged to answer in the negative. "No. Perhaps the time will come. I wish I could believe, but I cannot. Pray for me."

"Ah, well!" she said sadly, "the battle is not won yet, but it will be some day, I feel sure of it. I do not know God's time."

The first part of April saw me in Paris once more. I was in the best of health and able to resume the studies which I had neglected so utterly for two years past. I began a much more regular life,—outwardly at least. I no longer gambled, for I had promised not to, and I kept my word. My illness had subdued me to a certain extent, but yet I did not break away entirely from my culpable relations. I hold that it is impossible for a young man with *no religion* to avoid violating the moral law, because for such a one the moral law lacks its essential foundation.

JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

CHRISTMAS CHANTS OF SŒUR THÉRÈSE.

READERS of THE DOLPHIN are already familiar with the name of Sœur Thérèse, that wonderful daughter of the great Carmelite Mystic, who gave herself up to the contemplative life at the age of fifteen, and died nine years later at the Convent of Lisieux, France, in the odor of sanctity. There is a freshness, a sweet breath of holy joy, mingled with the air of a charming simplicity in the writings of this young nun, which it is difficult to convey or even to suggest in the translated verse, for reverence bids us guard closely the original. But the reader will understand why we would treasure these utterances of a devout soul who, like St. Francis of Assisi in his *Fioretti*, acts and writes under a kind of inspiration which makes of such melodies an echo of heavenly wisdom, altogether attractive, even as we find beautiful the

psalm-tunes of the singer of Bethlehem, despite the accidental lack of artistic mould and finish.

The following pieces were composed at the Christmas season of the last two years of her life. The first is fragmentary, part of a dialogue, evidently intended as a suggestion for a Christmas-play in which various incidents of our Divine Lord's child-life were to be represented dramatically. The tunes referred to are popular airs sung by the children of France.

I.

The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt.

The Angel Warns St. Joseph.

(Tune: *La folle de la plage.*)

Rise, Joseph! heed my cry!
All swiftly, silently,
To Egypt take your flight!
Depart, this very night!

Herod his fury now
Is even to madness heaping.
He longs to slay the Lamb
In Mary's tendance sleeping.
Take Mother and Child, and go
From an impending woe!

Song of the Angels Accompanying the Holy Family.

(Tune: *Les gondolières Venetiennes.*)

Wonder on wonders piled!
Jesus, of Heaven the Lord,
Now upon earth exiled,
Flees from a mortal's sword.
So to this God in flight,
Oh! let us give our love;
Let our white wings to-night
Protect Him from above.

Now bring the flowers most fair
To strew before His way!
A lullaby prepare
Of songs most sweet and gay!

Console His Mother's heart
By singing of His charms.
How fair, how sweet, Thou art,
Reposing in her arms!

Oh, let us speed afar,
For here dire perils are!
Fly, on this very night,
From dangers and from fright!
The Virgin bears our Star,
Beneath her veil afar,—
The Star of the elect,
Whom longing hearts expect.

Behold! Heaven's Lord
Flees from a mortal's sword!

The Angel of the Desert.

(Tune: *Le Credo d'Herculanum.*)

I come, I come, to sing your charms divine,
Blest Family who lure me to this place.
In this drear desert, lo! to-night doth shine
A Star more fair than heaven in all its grace.
But who shall comprehend this mystery:—
He came unto His own—they bade Him go!
A wanderer on the earth He made is He,
And none discern His beauty here below.

But if the great Thine empire now despise,
Thou King of Heaven, Thou mystic promised Star!
Long for Thy reign have looked the tear-dimmed eyes,
And long the unhappy sought Thee from afar.
O Word Eternal! Wisdom true and deep!
Thy gifts are here, but they are for the meek:
The childlike soul, the tried, and them who weep,
It is to them, one day, Thy voice shall speak.

For Thou Thy wisdom often dost impart
To ignorant men, if they but humble be;
And Thou dost call the sinful to Thy Heart,
Because in them Thy image Thou dost see.

A day shall come, when, in the selfsame fold,
The lamb beside the lion safe shall feed;
And in Thy refuge here, this desert old,
Thy Name shall call forth many a holy deed.

O hidden God! what virginal souls, one day,
Catching from Thy vast fire of love the flame,
Shall hither haste, where Thou hast led the way;
And all these wastes for their possession claim.
Their ardent souls, their love like seraphs blest,
Shall fill the angels with supreme delight;
And hell shall tremble at their hymns, addrest
Unto God's greater glory, day and night.

Then Satan shall, in his wild jealousy,
Seek to deplete these houses of our Lord.
Little he knows the power and majesty
Of this frail Child, humble, unknown, ignored.
He dreams not that a lowly Virgin's heart
Forever dwells in safety and in peace;
He dreams not of the strength, beyond his art,
She has from God, whose wonders never cease.

It may be that, one day, Thy spouses dear
Must share Thy exile, O Thou Holy Child!
But none shall quench their love, that burns most clear
For those who banish them, in fury wild.
Nor shall the vile world's sacrilegious spite
Turn from their goal the virgins of the Lord;
Nor ever soil their robes of spotless white,
Nor mar their likeness to their King adored.

Ungrateful world! thy reign is well nigh done.
Seest thou not how this most holy Child
Culls joyously these roses like the sun,
These martyrs' palms, these lilies undefiled?
Seest thou not His faithful virgin band,
Holding their burning lamps with love alight;
And seest thou not heaven's portals open stand,
The saints to welcome in, to glory bright?

O happy moment! joy that knows no shade!
When the elect in gladness enter there;
And, for their love, the great reward is paid,
To see God's face,—that promised Vision fair!
Life's exile o'er, gone are all pain and woe;
E'en faith itself, and hope itself shall cease;
But everlasting rest those souls shall know,
The ecstasy of love, and endless peace.

January 21, 1896.

II.

Sœur Thérèse was the youngest of nine children, of whom two were boys who died before either was a year old. These little brothers were very dear to the lovely child who had never seen them, and I have no doubt that they were in her thoughts when writing her very exquisite stanzas to "My little brothers in heaven, the Holy Innocents." The feast following three days after Christmas calls for a translation of these verses in this place.

To My Little Brothers in Heaven, the Holy Innocents.

"The Lord shall gather together the lambs with His arm, and shall take them up in His bosom."—*Is.* 40 : 11.

"Happy those whom God regards as justified without works! for, to him that worketh, the reward is not reckoned according to grace, but according to debt. It is, then, gratuitously that those who do no works are justified by grace, in virtue of the Redemption of which Jesus Christ is the Author."—*Romans* 4 : 4, 5, 6.

O happy little ones! with what sweet tenderness
The King of Heaven
Blessed you, when here below! How often His caress
To you was given!
You were the type of all the Innocents to come.
In dreams I know
The boundles joy the King gives you in heaven's high home,
He loves you so!

Your eyes have seen the gifts (how beauteous!) stored away
In Paradise,
Before earth's bitter griefs, dear lilies of the Lord!
Had dimmed your eyes.

O fragrant buds, plucked at your day's sweet dawn of light,
By God's own hand!
His Sacred Heart will be the sun of love, to make
Those buds expand.

What perfect care and oh! what ceaseless watchfulness,
What love alway,
Lavishes on you here our Holy Mother the Church,
Souls of a day!
In her maternal arms, you were in sacrifice
To Jesus given;
And, through eternity, you will be the delight
Of His fair Heaven.

Dear little ones! you form the holy virginal court,
Following the Lamb;
And you the sweet new song shall sing (O privilege great!)
Unto His Name.
Without the deadly fight, you to the conqueror's palm
Have safely come.
O charming victors! Christ for you has paid the price,
And brought you home.

One sees no precious stones, all luminous and gay,
In your blond hair:
The golden lustre of your curling locks doth make
Even Heaven more fair.
Gladly the elect bestow their glorious crowns, their palms,
Your brows to grace:
Upon their knees you find your thrones, dear children, now,—
In their embrace.

In splendid courts on high, with the small angels there,
Gayly you play;
Your childish songs and sports, belovèd baby-band!
Charm Heaven alway.
God tells you how he makes the birds, the flowers, the breeze,
The sunlight clear.
No genius here below knows half the things you know,
O children dear!

From Heaven's azure floor tearing the veils away
Of mystery,
The glowing myriad stars in your wee hands you take,
Your toys to be.
Running along Heaven's highways, there your tiny footsteps leave
A silvery trace.
In the bright Milky Way, at eve, I think I see
Each shining face.

To Mary's welcome arms, when your gay games are done,
How swift you hie!
Hiding beneath her veil your pretty curling locks,
In sleep you lie.
Heaven's darling pets! audacity like yours
Pleases our Lord.
You even dare to go so far as to caress
His Face adored.

You for my pattern here that Blessed Lord has deigned
To give to me;
O Holy Innocents! dear little ones! like you
I strive to be.
Pray, pray, that I may gain all childhood's graces blest.
Your candor true,
Your sweet abandonment, your spotless innocence,
They charm my view.

Thou of my exiled spirit here, O Lord! dost know
The ardent prayer.
To Thee, fair Lily of the vale! I fain would bring
Earth's lilies fair.
These buds of spring I love, and long for Thee to find,
Thou King adored!
Upon them deign to pour baptismal waters blest;
Then cull them, Lord!

For this my pains, my joys, I offer in exchange,
For children's souls;
Thus to augment the white ranks of Thy Innocents,
The while Time rolls;

And, 'mongst these Innocents, I ask Thee that a place
To me be given.
Grant to me, as to them, the sweet kiss of Thy lips,
Jesus! in Heaven.

February, 1897.

III.

The following poem is akin to some others which have already appeared in THE DOLPHIN[1] as specimens of the cloister's simple, joyful and holy pastimes at the Christmas season. It was written on the last Christmas Sœur Thérèse spent on earth, for the date is December 25, 1896. The little bird was soon to hear its Lord's clear call, and fly away to its heavenly home.

The Bird Cage of the Infant Jesus.

For us, poor exiles from our birth,
The Good God made the pretty birds,
Among the hills and dales of earth
Singing His praises without words.
And many childish thieving hands,
Choosing the ones they like the best,
Keep them in cages, where the bands
Are gilded bars for these opprest.

. . . . . .

O Jesus, Little Brother dear!
For us Thou didst leave the heavens high:
Thou knowest well Thy bird cage here
Is Carmel, and Thy bird am I.

Our cage is gilded not at all,
Yet oh! how fair it is to me!
To hill or plain from its high wall
Not one of us would wish to flee.
Let not the outer world intrude!
No joy to us it now could bring.
Child Jesus! in our solitude
Thy Name alone we love to sing.
Thy tiny hand has us beguiled;
Thy infant charms no words can tell;
Thy smile, most sweet and Holy Child!
Has won Thy birds to love Thee well.

[1] See numbers for December, 1902, and January, 1904.

Here finds the simple, candid soul
The only object of its love;
Here the stern vulture's fierce control
No longer dreads the timid dove.
Upon the wings of burning prayer
The ardent heart ascends on high,
As the swift lark mounts through the air
Uttering its sweet and joyful cry.
Here, in Thy praises to engage,
The nightingale and veery came.
O Little Jesus! in Thy cage
Thy birds are carolling Thy Name.

The little bird it always sings;
No fear for its small meal doth know:
A grain of sand contentment brings;
It sows not, spins not, here below.
And in this cage where we have fled,
All is provided through Thy care.
The one thing needful, Thou hast said,
It is to love Thee, Child most fair.
So, through the hours, we sing Thy praise,
With the pure spirits of the blest.
We know the angels, all the days,
Love Carmel's birds within their nest.

Jesus! the bitter tears to dry
That sinful men have wrung from Thee,
Thy birds to win back souls will try
By their sweet songs of ecstasy.
One day, when earth and time are o'er,
And Thy clear call to us is given,
Then angel-hands shall ope our door;
Thy birds shall take their flight to Heaven.
There, with the charming, songful hosts
Of little cherubs glad and gay,
Thy happy birds from Carmel's coasts
Shall praise Thy Holy Name alway.

Christmas, 1896.

S. L. EMERY.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE PEARL.

"IMMACULATA."

I.

LIKE to a pearl in ocean, enshrined in the Bosom of Godhead
Through the abyss of ages lay His wondrous conception—
Lay the unsullied gem—the splendor of finite creation.

Lo, as the Father beholdeth His Word by Him generated,
Substance of Substance the same, the Image express of His glory,
Forth from each Person outfloweth the Spirit of Love Uncreated:

Thus when He looks on His holy, His beautiful, perfect conception,
Down on that virginal vision, the image create of His sweetness,
Who may not feel that His Spirit hath entered this lovely creation?

Fairest of creatures, all hail! so pure, so transcendently holy,
Mirrors thy soul as its birthright those rays of Glory Deific,
Born in a Vision of Peace, at the footstool of Godhead reclining.

II.

God, in the womb of a Virgin! O inconceivable Union!
Infinite Wisdom imprisoned, 'twould seem, by the presence of woman!
Form hath the Formless taken; and Form hath Immensity entered.

Thus were the Nuptials completed—God's Son is to nature united!
Thou, O Immaculate Maiden, dost share the dread Pact by thy sanction;
All for all hadst thou giv'n! when He entered His garden enclosèd.[1]

Him thou enclosest, O Woman! Thy tender, uniform nature,
Transcendentally calm, uprises over all creatures,
Rests on the Father's footstool, sublimely and radiantly happy!

Lo, the Belovèd speaketh! behind the lattice He standeth—
Hid in the shade His footprint—music sweetest His voice is:
"Haste my Belovèd"—saith He—"and come, for the winter is over."[2]

[1] Cant. IV, 12.
[2] Cant. II.

"Winter is over," she answereth, "Spring time is come; do Thou stay me!
Stay me with flowers, Belovèd! Full well do I know Thou art with me,
Until the Day-dawn arise, and the Shadow enclose us no longer."[3]

Lo, in her lap He lieth, resplendent in infantine beauty,
Looking with love in her face as it glows with glances responsive;
Deep unto deep—the Natures divine and human—replying!

III.

Channel of grace divine that rose in the fountains of Godhead,
How hast thou mounted back in the strength of human volition?
What, in thee, hath secured this glorious prize for our nature?

Conduit of grace through time, the wonder of self-immolation!
Hid in the secret divine, and lost in the triumph of Godhead—
Lo, thou art fair, O Mary; all fair! no spot is there in thee.

Tenderest of all God's creatures, a Woman, "yet strong in thy weakness:"
Thou in thy nature's grace hast piercèd the portals eternal;
Woman! O see, thou art chosen the champion to be of the creature!

Lucifer! where is thy vaunting? where is the star of thy morning?
Proud one, see, thou art fallen! how vain, how inglorious thy warfare!
Wake and behold! for before thee she stands, the Woman predestined!

Yea, the Woman hath mounted, before the Eternal she kneeleth—
Robed in the grace of her dower, all strong in her feminine purpose,
Knocked hath she at the Heart Divine and awaiteth the answer.

"What seekest thou, O Woman! What wouldest thou of the Father?
Shall I thee ought deny?" and meekly the daughter replieth:
"Grace! O Father Eternal, Grace for me and my people!"

Then stooped "The Holy" unto thee; then opened the fountains of mercy;
Then through thy heart they flowed, and as through a natural channel,
Flowed into all lands, all peoples, to all generations!

E. M. Shapcote.

Torquay, England.

[3] Cant. II.

Studies and Conferences.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S ESTIMATE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

From an unpublished Fragment of the "Genius of Christianity."[1]

The applause throughout France which the *Génie du Christianisme* called forth on its appearance during the spring of 1802, was quickly echoed in other lands, and the cultured French emigrants who had fled to America at the approach of the Revolution threatening their lives as well as their faith, rejoiced in the brilliant record of their countryman who had disappointed the expectations of the anarchical demagogues with whom he seemed for a time identified. Americans remembered how the handsome young nobleman, François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, though barely twenty-one years of age, had come with letters of introduction to General Washington, that he might feast his enthusiastic soul upon the newly revealed ideal of democratic liberty which the War of Independence had secured to our New World; how he had traversed the land, sought shelter alternately with the Breton settler and the native Indian, in whose tribal and nomadic habits he recognized the unvarnished love of freedom and a natural simplicity of soul which attracted his romantic nature. Yet he was an agnostic in religion, and the impetuous wilfulness of his character blinded him, if not to the variety and beauty of things around him, certainly to that order which sees in anarchical rule the direct opponent of a safe and healthy government. And so his first work, *Essai sur les revolutions anciennes et modernes*, was, as he himself acknowledged later on, "a book of doubt and of regrets, lit up only now and then by

[1] The discovery of the above mentioned fragment of Chateaubriand's writings is due to Victor Giraud, already well known among readers of French literature through his studies in bibliography and historical criticism. The chapter is printed in the original, with introductory notice, in the current number of the *Revue des Questions Historiques* and will appear in a forthcoming volume entitled *Études littéraires sur Chateaubriand*, now in press. (Hachette, Paris.)

glimpses of the Christian light that a mother's faith had placed about his cradle."

Only when distress and sorrow had mellowed the high-spirited views which his inexperienced youth and trustfulness in the promises of ambitious leaders had endorsed, did he realize those truer hopes which set into motion the best powers of his genius and brilliant pen. He tells us how his best beloved brother is sacrificed on the scaffold to the brutal hatred of the revolutionists; how there comes to him a last letter from his dying mother and sister, who, amid the privations of a dungeon, cry out to him to save not them but himself by returning to the religion of his early childhood, a religion which made them love him beyond the grave. He was in England at the time, and the message broke his heart; but out of the open wound there issued forth the smothered flame of faith; and, believing once more, he hearkens to the dear voices from the tomb far away with the growing resolve to make reparation.

M. Giraud tells us that it was toward the end of 1798 that Chateaubriand, whilst still in London, began the writing of his "Genius of Christianity." For four years he labored at the work, with an enthusiasm which was only equalled by its ultimate success. In the interval he published *Atala*, the story of two Indian lovers into which he had woven the vivid impressions of his American travels. Portions of this book and of the *Génie* appeared in the *Mercure de France*, of which journal Chateaubriand had in the meantime become associate editor. Of the latter volume we are told that he wrote and rewrote it several times, and that even after it had passed entirely into press he withdrew and destroyed the sheets twice, so that when the book eventually appeared in the market it was literally a third edition. It is from the original copy of the *Génie* that the *Eloge des médicins*, here reprinted, is taken. A Paris journalist, M. Peltier, had copied it, and in July 1801 published it as an article under the heading of "Eulogium of the Medical Profession by Viscount Chateaubriand," stating that it was an extract from a volume to appear soon under the title *Beautés poétiques du Christianisme*. When the book actually appeared in the following year, the chapter announced was found to have been omitted.

No translation can possibly give an idea of the impression which this work made at the time of its first publication. Other French writers have since then equalled Chateaubriand in brilliancy of style and perhaps surpassed him in philosophical judgment. But none has ever written a book which appeared more opportunely. Not only did it inaugurate by its religious sentiments and glowing sincerity an unexpected reaction against the artificial scepticism of its day, but it did so in a manner and form that had not been known to exist in the French language before that time. "There is no French writer of earlier date," says Sainte-Beuve, "whose prose can compare with that of Chateaubriand in the power of reflecting the mysterious beauty of nature." His brilliant style, the magic play of his beautiful diction enchanted the reader and opened up unsuspected capabilities of French literature. The eloquence of this new defence of religion was the one thing that Napoleon wanted to demonstrate to the popular mind the necessity of a reconciliation between the Church and the State, and to make the Concordat acceptable to the nation. Chateaubriand was more powerful than an army of trained soldiers.

It is therefore not surprising that M. Giraud hails his rediscovery of the forgotten chapter as the finding of a literary treasure which he proposes to preserve to us in his forthcoming *Études litteraires*, and which we give here in translation for the first time.

In Praise of the Physician.

"The wondrous art that offers soothing remedy unto afflicted man traces its earliest practice to the very dawn of social life. Ere yet the ploughshare of the husbandman had turned fruit-bearing soil after the harvest days in fall, his wife had felt the pangs received and given with her first-born child, for mankind's cradle was beset with pain, and the physician whose experience had taught her to compassionate and then relieve her infant's sufferings was the first mother. Thus love and the inventive instinct which attends its exercise taught mankind everywhere to study the healing art. One man found his brother in distress, the other sought the remedy that might relieve his pains.

"It may be said in truth that the medical art is the offspring

of love for our fellows and of heroism. The rude savage going into battle takes with him a small piece of healing gum that he may apply it as balm to the wounds of a stricken companion; the cooling leaf of the water-lily serves him, together with the fibrous bark of the birch, to prepare a bandage which he applies with the aid of nature's instruments, his fingers and his teeth. He becomes a physician who draws his knowledge from the instincts of his heart and his practice from the teaching of nature. 'A faithful friend,' says the inspired writer of the book of Ecclesiasticus, 'is the medicine of life.'

"The history of the patriarchal races and of the heroic ages teaches the same lesson. The very term medicine recalls the fact that the art of healing was cultivated among the ancient Medes to an extent which made it synonymous with the expression of Oriental wisdom. Homer, among the Greeks, enumerates four chief arts to which the genius of man devotes itself, and of these medicine is one. In the description of the siege of Troy we are told how the sons of kings, the most renowned among the warriors, were distinguished for their knowledge of the medicinal virtue of plants. He extols the gentleness of Patroclus as a physician, and singles out Achilles as an adept in the heavenly art of Chiron. Womanhood, too, is praised in the fair princesses who having been taken captives find relief from their own misfortunes in ministering to the wounded heroes brought home from the battlefield.

"Thus the art of medicine was credited as being a divine attribute, brought down from heaven and taught men by Apollo, who practised it in the guise of a shepherd boy serving Admetos, the Thessalonian king. Indeed, among the fabled gods of old to whom paganism erected its altars, Æsculapius is the only one for whose worship reason might offer some justification. And by a sentiment kindred to that which recognizes something divine in the healing art did the early Christians look for delivery from physical ailments at the hand of the anchorites of the desert. For it was assumed that those who were endowed with the celestial gift of curing the soul might also relieve the body, and that the devout solitary who could gather and apply the mystic balm from the sacred Mount of Sion, would know the remedies wherewith to

heal our bodily ills. Then came the age when numbers of virgins following in the train of the holy exorcists devoted themselves to the service of the sick, and made as it were compensation for the privilege of virginity, which exempted them from the pangs of maternity, by assuming the office of another motherhood, spiritual, though no less painful, and more enduring.

"From whatever point of view we regard the office of the physician we must accord to him a dignity which commands the deepest reverence. From him we expect a knowledge most exacting and true. Where he attends, no living soul may be said to lack a friend, however desolate may be the conditions of place. In no other branch of the learned professions do we find such remarkable instances of self-sacrificing devotion to duty; and excepting the missionary priest there is no class of men who are expected to ignore the claims of their own comforts and lives during seasons of epidemic or pestilence. Among the philosophers there is none who has written in behalf of suffering humanity like Hippocrates or Galenus; and it is unjust to speak of the profession in other terms than those of admiration for the part it has taken in sustaining the most noble and generous sentiments of the human heart. Homer and Virgil have sung the praises of the physician by reminding us of all that is most beautiful in his avocation.

"As regards the intellectual equipment of the physician the demands made upon him are of the most extensive. The object of his studies must in the first place be man himself, that is to say, the hidden operations of his organism and the influences that affect it. By a sublime paradox, Hippocrates calls our physical frame the image (*l'effigie*) of man; and in truth the body from which the soul is separated may be compared to some ingeniously constructed palace whence the divine spirit that inhabited it at one time has gone forth, and whose solitary chambers, like the aisles of some abandoned temple, are open to the wanderings of the physician.

"The medical profession has been reproached with a tendency to foster the teachings of atheism. I believe that history disproves the assertion, and that a profession which above all others calls forth the exercise of a sound judgment and of compassion is

not calculated to confirm a system of thought whose deductions are grossly illogical and which maintains a cold stoicism by its want of sensibility. If it must be conceded that the greater part of mankind is led, from the existence of universal and often unmerited suffering in this life, to argue in favor of the existence of a future life where retribution takes place, it will be admitted that the physician has the best opportunity of verifying the force of this argument by his own experience. Hence it is not in the least strange that the most famous medical practitioners have been, as a rule, men of deep religious sensibilities. The writings of Hippocrates and Galenus, already mentioned, of ancient times, and those of Niewentyt, Hervey, Boerhave, and Haller, in more recent days, bear unmistakable witness to the truth of this statement. The argument, therefore, that the study of anatomy and the constant habit of dissecting dead matter, are calculated to make the physician an atheist, does not seem warranted. Rather might we assume the contrary, since the evidence of the marvellous construction of the human organism has in most cases furnished philosophers with clear proof of a first intelligent cause. Plato,[2] Aristotle,[3] Cicero,[4] and many later writers have admirably demonstrated this truth, and for one who like Lamettrie has written in defence of brute materialism, there are many who, like Galenus, discover the hand of God in the wonderful ordering of material things. The latter,[5] describing some anatomical analysis, suddenly in a burst of noble enthusiasm drops as it were his scalpel and exclaims: 'O Thou who hast created us, it is to Thee that my homage goes out like a hymn of praise. I honor Thee more in explaining the beauty of Thy workmanship than if I offered at Thy shrine whole hecatombs of animals and made Thy sanctuary redolent with the perfume of most precious incense. Our piety toward Thee consists first in the study of ourselves, and next in this that we teach unto others the greatness of Thy benevolence, Thy power, and Thy wisdom. Thy wisdom shows itself in the distribution of Thy gifts, the organs needful to each for the

[2] Timon.
[3] De Part. animal., III, 10.
[4] De natura Deorum, II, 56.
[5] De Usu. P. liii, 10.

conservation of life; Thy wisdom is clear from the excellence of Thy gifts, and Thy power appears in the fulfilment of Thy wondrous design!'"

EDUCATED CATHOLICS AND THE "SOCIAL SETTLEMENT" QUESTION.

Some years ago Catholics in New York and other large cities began to awaken to the interest which educated and philanthropic people outside the Church were taking in the systematic betterment of the conditions of our poor, as to sanitary housing and habits, thrift and economy, mental and moral training. The larger portion of the proletariat which gathered in our thickly settled tenement and factory districts, was of the newly immigrated, and these for the most part, by tradition, Catholic. We are, as a body, sensitive enough about the rights of Catholics to remain under the influence of the Church, and remonstrate when the Government takes our Philippine wards to be trained in non-Catholic schools, or when the Protestant Version of the Bible is introduced in public institutions; but we are often a good distance behind in doing what the example of outsiders proves as practical and feasible. It appears indeed that the practical aspect of the "settlement" question has been brought home to many of us, and since churchmen like Archbishop Farley, of New York, have in a manner identified themselves with the movement by the personal encouragement given it, there has been a growth of organizations here and there which are doing their share of good.

But when we consider the nature of the appeal which this work makes to people who profess the religion of charity, and the unequalled facilities which Catholic organization commands over all other kinds of association, then it becomes a matter of wonder and question why the attempts at this kind of work are so slow in development and so meagre in results compared to what mere platonic altruism accomplishes by an appeal to natural virtue, or to purely utilitarian principle.

This question it is worth our while pondering, for in its answer lies the revelation of our secret weakness as well as of our unused strength. "There are"—writes to us a friend who has been

earnestly occupied with the serious study of this question from every practical point of view—

"There are certain difficulties in the minds of Catholics which must be met before any true and effective development of the idea of this work can be hoped for. The only conception of this idea thus far developed in the ordinary Catholic mind is that it is a new and modern method of dispensing charity to the unfortunate, and another agency in the Church through which pious and unsophisticated young Catholics can work off their youthful zeal and energy, and get some experience in practical charity."

That sketches exactly the condition of things in the popular mind, that is to say, in the mind of Catholics who, having acquired the means wherewith to be charitable, and having retained the disposition to help their needy brethren, are disposed to spend part of their wealth, or part of their time and energy, or part of both, in ameliorating the condition of the poor and illiterate classes.

But there are, moreover, certain fundamental objections to be met in the minds of Catholics of superior intelligence, which must be removed before the idea of the Catholic Social Settlement can be properly realized to its just extent. Our traditional conception of the religious ideal and its adequate expression in religious work needs to be largely revised and reversed. Here, again, we desire to quote the friend who writes:

"It will never do to build up the Settlement in our midst with second-rate religious motives as the only resource for the carrying-out of its almost purely religious mission. Why, it is far more of a religious calling to go down and *live* among the outcasts of humanity, in order to reclaim them for God, than it is to spend a life of cloistered comfort teaching the refinement of civilization, while thousands go hungry for civilization's most elementary conditions. We must propose a motive for such a religious calling that will be adequate to the sacrifice it calls for. The ordinary motive of charity, as it is conceived by the mass of Catholics, falls too far short of the requirements of the case, and, what is a still greater difficulty, the limitations set by the traditional Catholic idea upon the religious calling seem to preclude the possibility of our ever suggesting the motive of this calling as the *only*

motive that will ever stand the strain of fulfilling the conditions called for by such a work as this."

What we need, then, is, first of all, to confront ourselves with, and make clear to those who would permanently and efficiently engage in this work of the Catholic Social Settlement, the real meaning of the work for us. This demands, above all, a true understanding of the religious ideal, its aims, and its mission in the external work of the Church. The legitimate expression of that ideal is not limited to the conditions of a certain age or country only, but must prove its adaptability to all times, conditions, and places, so long as the integrity of its motive remains unchanged. To make this aspect of the question understood and realized, is the first requisite in the systematic undertaking of the Settlement work. The work cannot be done rightly without the right kind of workers, and the right kind of workers are those only who have a right motive, which motive is as workable in the slum as in the schoolroom, and is in no more danger of corruption on the rough highways of common life than it is in the seclusion of the cloister.

CRITICS OF THE REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC.

Probably no circumstance connected with the recent reform movement in the field of liturgical music has shown more clearly the need of banishing the present methods of managing church choirs, than the unreasonable remonstrances of professors of music who claim authority to set up a standard in such matters different from that of Catholic tradition. It might be admitted that the talent which lends itself more or less to the art of amusing and of display keeps within its legitimate sphere, even when it seizes upon the lofty themes of religious faith, so long as the aim is to make piety and worship attractive. But the liturgical interpretation of religion differs from the mere external illustration of religious themes, quite as much as the authoritative voice of the supreme legislator in matters of faith and morals differs from the journalistic eulogies which favorably comment upon the laws and official utterances of that legislator or his representative.

Such a distinction, although it should be clear enough, has

been largely ignored in our churches for a long time; with the result that we have had musical entertainments upon sacred themes during the service, instead of prayer and thanksgiving uttered in the melody and harmony of voice and organ, coming from the sincere heart and made intelligible by the simplicity of its interpretation. That the leaders and performers of these Sunday entertainments, whiling away the time of Mass and Vespers, should lay particular stress upon musical expression and aim at impressing the hearer by their "divine" art, rather than seek to convey a message of prayer or to interpret the teaching of the liturgical act, may be excusable in them because it is human. But it is none the less a desecration of the sacred purpose for which the divine service is conducted. It is substituting the tinkling sounds of brass and cymbals and the persuasive charms of human wisdom for the less demonstrative but more effective preaching of the Apostolic Church.

It is evident also that there are organists and singers, more or less Catholic, who insist on maintaining the melodious rhetoric of latter-day choirs instead of the severer but more chaste and solemn promptings of worship, because they mistake their silent reflections upon bread and butter, or the ticklings of vanity, or a mediocre though well-settled taste, or a limited insight into the higher purpose of Catholic worship, for zeal in behalf of the noble art that reflects the divine harmony. And being of this mind they deem it their office to discredit the laws and the authority that would remove the evil from the holy place. We have an instance of this kind in the utterances of a magazine for teachers and students of music published in the United States.[1] The editor, in a paper entitled "The Question of Church Music," following apparently the suggestions of a writer some months ago in the *Fortnightly Review*, undertakes to read the Papal Commission and the Catholic Church in general a lesson in ethics as well as in music. The occasion is furnished him by the recently published report of the Commission, which insists upon some rules already well known to every student of church music, but probably new to the New York editor. "To prove," he writes, "the ignorance of the Commission, and the inconsistency of the Holy

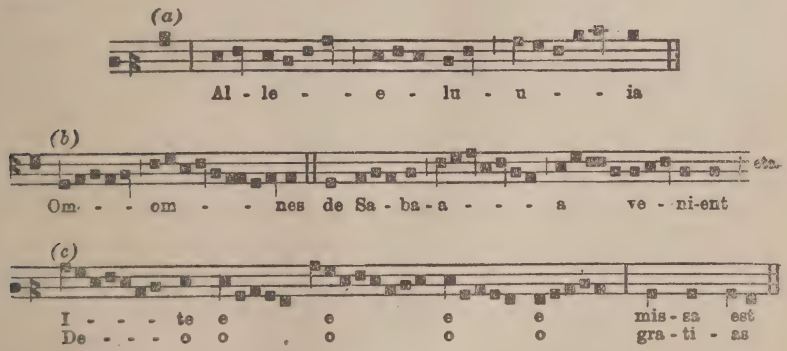
[1] *The Musical Profession*, October, 1904, p. 132.

See (*sic*), and the incapacity of both for forming any valid opinion on musical art, it is only necessary to cite Rule 4 of this report (of the Pontifical Commission): 'To be eliminated—*the use of compositions in which the words are transposed, omitted, and unduly repeated, and in which rests are interpolated between syllables of a word.*'" Dilating upon these words of the document, our New York writer delivers himself of the following forcible expression of opinion:

There was once a composer named Palestrina, whose compositions were, by a special decree of Pope Pius IV, set up as models of what sacred music ought to be. Born before this rule was invented, he persistently disregards it by transposing words and by unduly repeating them. Further, the length of some of his phrases demands the breaking of a syllable to take breath, and he thus violates this rule in every particular except one. Perhaps the Commission should not be expected to know this; perhaps they have their private views of what constitutes undue repetition. . . .

But they are supposed to know something of their own missals and service books. And when they hold up Gregorian song as the mirror of all excellence, we have a right to demand that they be at least conscious of what they are doing. Attention is called to the last portion of the paragraph, which condemns rests between the syllables of a word. It is inconceivable that any modern musician in his senses would be guilty of this ridiculous and unseemly offence. . . .

However that may be, it is left to the Commission to decide whether the following quotations do not violate the latter portion of Rule 4, whether they are not undue repetitions of nothing at all, and whether they are not unseemly, undignified and absurd.



These quotations are taken from the Roman Gradual and the Ordinary of the Mass, which are the official chant-books used in our churches.

To one who knows either less or more than our modest critic it would be needless to point out that the Papal Commission for

the reform of Church music is made up of men who have long had a national or even world-wide reputation for their proficency in both the theory and the practice of the musical art. Dom Pothier, the president of the Commission, is very well known among even secular professors of music as a voluminous writer on the subject of the art whose principles he is appointed to formulate and direct. To speak of him and the members whom he leads as a body of men ignorant of the first elements of music is as puerile as to call the Abbé Perosi a mere "musical mountebank," which is the epithet by which the editor of the *Musical Profession* attempts to characterize the composer of *La Passione* and of numerous Masses and oratorios which have gained him the title of "*maestro* of the Papal Choir."

How very deficient is the instruction in some respects which is offered to the readers of this musical magazine may be gleaned from what its young editor confidently states about the *repetitions* condemned in Rule 4 of the report already referred to. The Commission orders that "words *unduly* repeated" should be eliminated from the music used in the services of the Church. The phrase is emphasized by its very connection with two other expressions indicating how the true sense of the liturgical prayers may be vitiated,—namely, by *transposing* and by *omitting* words. In 1631 the English Government is said to have fined a printer £300 for omitting the "not" from the Seventh Commandment in a Bible published by him. That sort of mistake occurs occasionally with musical composers, not only from inadvertence, but at times from ignorance of the sense which the Latin words of the liturgy are to convey. The "genitum non factum—factum non genitum" is not the only instance of transposition by which a heresy is preached from the choir-loft. In like manner the utterances of the singers repeating words the import of which they do not fully understand, become often ridiculous to the intelligent hearer who can excuse them only on the plea that the composer wished to give particular effect to some musical phrase, and thereby was led to neglect and subvert the good sense of the text which he pretends to accompany. The propriety of repeating words of a solemn character obviously depends on the meaning and import of the address. Hence, apart from the *undue* and

senseless repetition, the insistence upon certain words in the liturgy, and the lengthening of melody in their utterance, must at times be not only proper but often necessary in order to make the words produce their intended effect. In all such cases the music or melody serves to emphasize the sense of the words, and this always in due proportion to their importance. The continuous notes of the "Alleluia" on Easter-day have quite a definite purpose of eliciting the joyous response which will not properly express itself in a single monotone; but on Ash Wednesday we find no such prolonging of the jubilant voice. The same is true of the *Ite Missa est*, which our critic cites as a violation of the rule laid down by the Commission. It is like to the long and modulated sound from the Levitic silver trumpet bidding the congregation disperse in the joy of the blessings received, blessings which are indicated by the solemnity of the festival.

Can it be deemed anything short of folly to shut one's eyes to this manifest difference? Our Divine Lord reprehended the Pharisees for their long prayers, and taught His disciples the "Our Father" in order that they might avoid such undue lengthening by repetition and much speaking (St. Matt. 6: 7, and 23: 14) as characterized the prayers of those who paid attention only to sounds. Would any man of good sense conclude from this that Christ wished to banish from the service of the Temple or the Christian Church such Psalms as 117 and 118, because they contain rather frequent repetitions of the same words and sentiments?

But Mr. Carmiencke's immature wrath does not spend itself in merely writing tirades against the Church and supporting them by misunderstood and misapplied examples from her liturgy. He gets at the root of things. He has actually discovered what it was that prompted the Pope's most audacious and ignorant *Motu Proprio*. "Money," he says, it is, "or rather parsimony." Pius X wants to save money, and he wants to inaugurate a movement for saving money, in New York, aye, and in some other diocese, too, "outside of New York, the name of which is ready for any responsible inquirer." This apocryphal diocese has been shaving down expenses hitherto by employing mainly women organists. "Not more than ten of these churches have men organists, be-

cause the salaries the others pay are too small for anyone but a woman to accept." And now Rome is going to banish even the women, cheap as they are! What else is it but a veiled method of killing by slow starvation both the women and the pretty operatic music, which some of them are willing to make for a merest trifle. Mr. Carmiencke is quite in earnest. He has actual records of the fact that the Popes did this sort of thing before, and, lest we doubt him, he prints the gruesome historical news that the great Palestrina was literally murdered by a like papal diploma. It took indeed four Popes, he tells us, to do it, for Palestrina was a great genius; but they succeeded. "One of the four dismissed him because he was married,—but they all unanimously (think of it, how three of them must have come back from purgatory or heaven to vote in quorum on the matter!) starved him." If the threatened organists of New York, and that other diocese whose name you can get for the asking, are as hard-lived as the prejudices prompting the wanton assertions of such opponents to the musical reform in the Church as our editorial Apollo represents, then Pope Pius will have to adopt more strenuous methods than are supplied by the publication of his Encyclical, and the appointment of a Commission, however learned and capable. But we are too hard, perhaps, in our estimate, for, in one sense—though he is seemingly unconscious of the fact—the critic is quite right. The Pope wants to save money, and with him every true lover of the holiness of the Church will wish that the system of paid organ performers and singers, as of all hirelings in the sanctuary, would give way to a voluntary service for the honor of God, and the edification of His House.

THE PHYLACTERIES.

Qu. Recently the papers reported a conversation between Cardinal Gibbons and a Jewish artist, in which the latter maintained that he had painted correctly a picture of our Lord in representing Him as wearing the phylacteries whilst at prayer. The Cardinal objected to the phylacteries and referred, as his reason, to the words of St. Matthew describing Christ as reprehending the Pharisees for carrying their devotion to show in the market-place, mentioning distinctly these phylacteries. The painter replied that Christ objected to the vanity

with which the priests displayed the phylacteries, but not to the practice itself, which had the sanction of the Law.

Would you kindly state what ground there is for believing that our Lord used the phylacteries, and also say what these emblems of devotion, as I take them to be, were in reality? Do the Jews still use them in the same fashion as their Old Testament fathers? And if so, would not the practice of to-day show what the custom was in our Lord's day? To a Catholic these things cannot seem so very odd if they represent, as I am told, the use of medals or scapulars or small

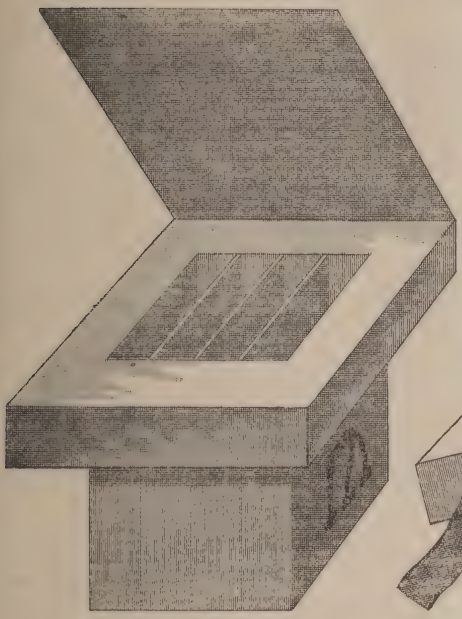


FIG. 1.

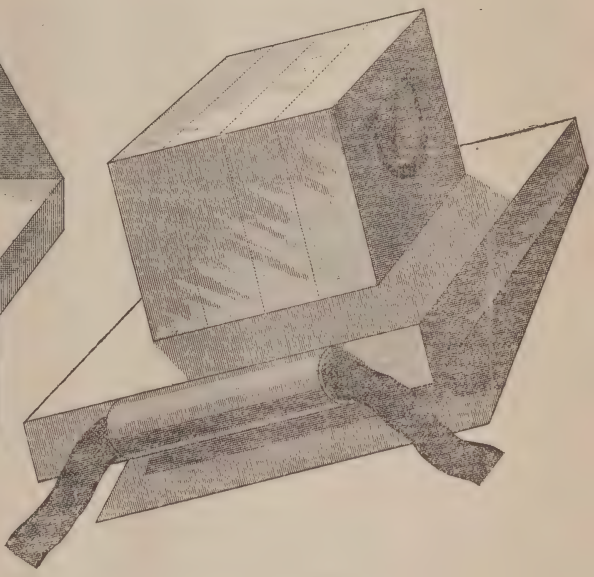


FIG. 2.

pocket-statues which are carried about by pious people for the purpose of fostering devotion; in view of which it would not perhaps be strange if our Lord sanctioned their use by His own practice.

Resp. The phylacteries of which St. Matthew (23: 5) speaks were two small cases of black leather or wood, having the form of a cube; each case was fastened upon a flat piece of thick leather, square and somewhat broader than the sides of the cube to which it served as a base and also as a lid. The interior of the box showed four compartments in which were placed four folded

strips of parchment, each tied by some strands of calf's hair. (*See Figs. 1, 2, and 4.*) On each of the strips of parchment was written in Hebrew letters a passage from the Scriptures, as follows:—

1. *Exodus 8 : 10*, in which occur these words: "And thou shalt tell thy son in that day saying: this is what the Lord did to me when I came forth out of Egypt. *And it shall be as a sign in thy hand* and as *a memorial before thy eyes*, that the law of the Lord shall be always in thy mouth."

2. *Exodus 13 : 11–16*, which concludes: "And it shall be as *a sign in thy hand*, and *as a thing hung between thy eyes*, for a remembrance, because the Lord hath brought us forth out of Egypt by a strong hand."

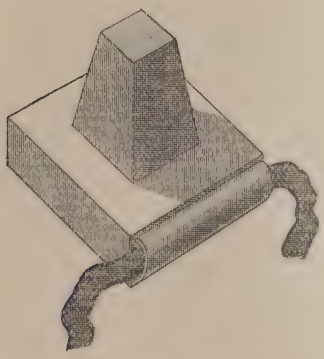


FIG. 3.

3. *Deuteronomy 6 : 4–9*: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength.

"And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart.

"And thou shalt tell them to thy children, and thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house, and walking on thy journey, sleeping and rising.

"*And thou shalt bind them as a sign on thy hand*, and *they shall be and move between thy eyes.*

"And thou shalt write them in the entry and on the doors of thy house."

4. *Deuteronomy 9 : 13–21* concludes thus: "Lay up these my words in your hearts and minds, and *hang them for a sign on your hands*, and *place them between your eyes.*

"Teach your children that they meditate on them, when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest on the way, and when thou liest down and risest up.

"Thou shalt write them upon the posts and the doors of thy house."

When the parchment slips containing the above words have been inserted in their respective partitions of the little leather satchel or wooden case, the square flap or lid is pressed down and sewed to the brim with twelve stitches of gut from a "clean" animal. Then a band or leather strap is attached to the case or satchel, which is thereby fastened around the arm in such a way as to bring the case toward the heart of the worshipper. In like manner another phylactery is bound to the forehead, the strap or band being tied behind the head in a prescribed fashion, its ends hanging down from the shoulders in front. (*See Figure 5.*)

The process of preparing the material and making the phylacteries, which are commonly called *tephillin* or "frontlets," is minutely prescribed by the rabbinical statutes. The *tephillah* for the head is usually larger than, and frequently also of a some-

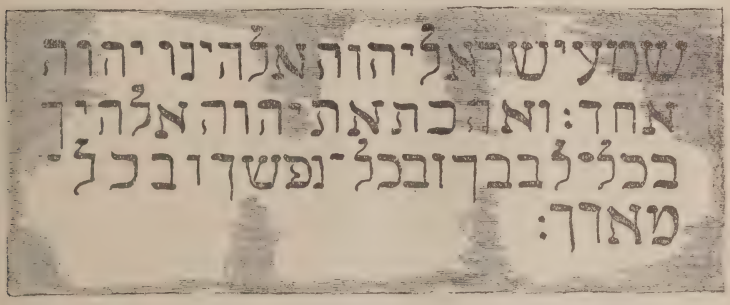


FIG. 4.

what different form from, the one attached to the left arm. (*See Fig. 3.*)

From the above cited Scripture texts written upon the parchment contained in the *tephillin*, the reader may surmise the origin of these instruments of devotion. The pious Jew interpreted literally the words that the law of God was to be a sign in his hand and "a thing hung between thy eyes." That the expression was meant in the first instance as a figurative though direct exhortation intended to inculcate the remembrance and observance of the Divine Law, can hardly be doubted, and there is no record, beyond the passages themselves, that it was understood in any other sense by the Jews before or during the Captivity. The fact that the practice of wearing the *tephillin* is not found among the

Samaritan Jews furnishes a strong argument to show that it was unknown before their separation from the Jews of the South. The language employed by the Jews of the third century before Christ, in their Greek translation (Septuagint) of the passages, shows also that they interpreted the same figuratively. Finally the word *tephillin* itself is a term of comparatively late (Aramaic)

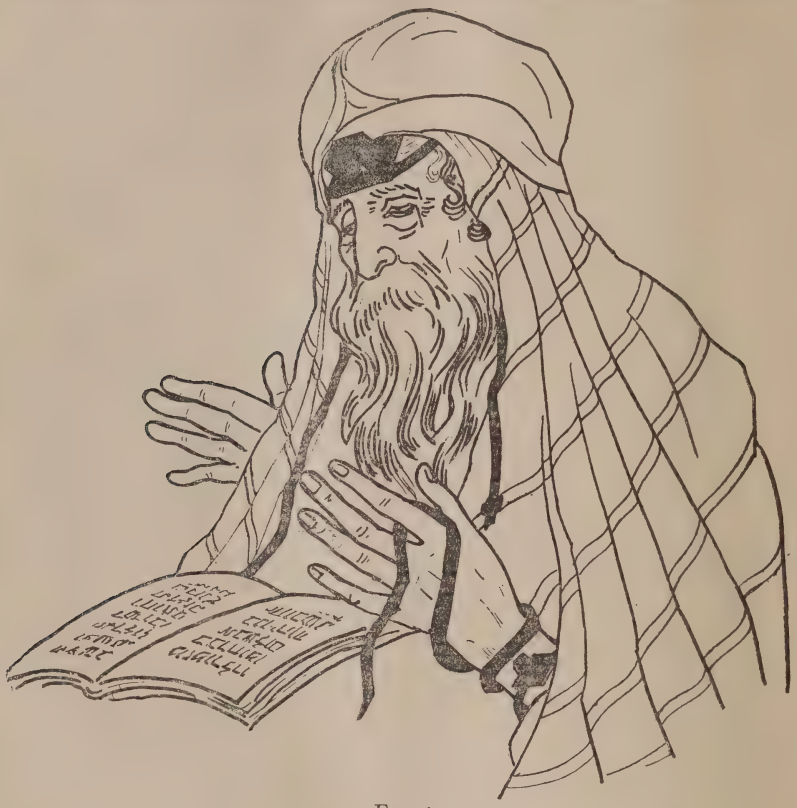


Fig. 5.

coining. These and kindred reasons are advanced by rabbinical scholars of to-day to show that the use of the *tephillin* or phylacteries among the Jews does not go back much farther than a century before Christ. Such is the opinion of Prof. Emmanuel Benzinger of Berlin, and of Dr. Kennedy of Edinburgh University. The latter, touching the question whether Christ followed the practice of the Pharisees of His time in the matter of wearing the

phylacteries, writes: "Neither our Lord nor His disciples followed in this respect the lead of the Pharisees." He comes to this conclusion from an examination of the prevailing custom among those Jews of our Lord's time who were not distinctly Pharisees, such as the Sadducees and others. The Talmud as well as the Targums, to which the testimony of Josephus may also be referred, maintain of course the Mosaic origin of the *tephillin* or phylacteries, but the numerous anachronisms contained in these sources amply discredit the historical trustworthiness of their statements on such topics.

It is not necessary, however, to assume that the introduction of the phylacteries is due to mere superstition; they probably resulted from the same extravagant zeal for the letter of the Law which we find among religious people elsewhere. Our Lord's censure of the Pharisees on account of their "broad phylacteries" must be understood to refer to the ostentatious breadth of the straps by which the phylacteries were fastened to the head and arm.[1]

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND OUR PROTESTANT BRETHREN.

Next February there is to take place at Boston the Third General Convention of the Religions Education Association. This meeting is not without importance to Catholics, since it represents the principle of the insufficiency of a public school system from which religion is excluded. The Association is already a power, since it represents by its membership the best elements of the religious intellect and leadership in educational movements throughout the United States. Its activity must therefore count for something, and will produce one of two results. It will either influence the legislative body and the public mind to accept for the common schools some kind of religious instruction which, under the name of ethics or moral culture, assumes certain evidences of Christianity as positive doctrines without being dogmatic; or, it will demand representation in our school systems supported by common taxation, by which the religious convictions of the parent are recognized. This would bring denominational schools

[1] Cf. Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*, art. "Frontlets;" *Encyclopædia Biblica*, art. "Phylacteries;" J. Spencer, *De legibus Judaeorum*, etc.

into recognition by the State and supported from the taxpayers' contributions *pro rata*, as they are in Germany, and to some extent in England also.

There is no doubt that the latter is the more practicable and satisfactory solution of the present problem, and that, if the Christian Education Association can be brought to support vigorously this view, Catholics will have a powerful ally in the defence of their claim for the right of religious instruction, according to the parents' wish, as an essential adjunct to public education.

For this reason it would be wise to note the action of the Association and as far as possible to applaud and support their movement in a spirit of brotherly citizenship. The programme of the Convention, February 14, 15, 16, 1905, with its subdivisions and the subjects of its several projected addresses, has been determined, and is here given:

The Aims of Religious Education.

I. To Bring the Individual into Conscious Relation with God.
   1. The Direct Influence of God upon One's Life.
   2. The Bible as an Aid to Self-Discovery.
   3. The Church as a Factor in Personal Religious Development.

II. To Develop in the Individual a Social Conscience.
   1. Literature as an Expression of Social Ideals.
   2. Science as a Teacher of Morality.
   3. The Ethical Education of Public Opinion.

III. To Quicken in the Individual a Sense of National and Universal Brotherhood.
   1. The Sacredness of Citizenship.
   2. The Mission of Christianity to the World.
   3. International Effort for Righteousness.

In addition to the three general sessions, there will be (as at Philadelphia) a Joint Session of Departments on Wednesday morning, February 15th, with a most interesting and vital topic for discussion, "The Place of Formal Instruction in Religious and Moral Education." There will be addresses upon this subject as it relates to the Home, the Sunday School, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Public School, the Preparatory School, and the College.

The programmes of the Seventeen Departmental Sessions are being prepared and will be announced soon.

Criticisms and Notes.

HERBERT SPENCER. An Estimate and Review by Josiah Royce. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1904. Pp. 234. Price, $1.25.

However widely the Catholic student must dissent from the Spencerian philosophy, he cannot ignore it, nor is he disposed to do so. "The synthetic philosophy," as its builder called it, has a prominent place in the museum of human systems, and no cultured mind will care to pass it by unscrutinized. Since Mr. Spencer's posthumous *Autobiography* has been given to the world one is enabled to view his philosophy in the light of his personality, so that what with the aid of his preceding works and of this final self-revelation, one would seem to be adequately provided with all the data needed to form a correct estimate both of the man and of his system. Nevertheless, such was the uniqueness of his individuality, such the magnitude and complexity of his synthesis, that most students may find both more intelligible when reflected through the mind of so competent a judge and so luminous a writer as Professor Royce. An aid of this sort is the little volume at hand. This much it is and more. The reader whose work or interest calls for just a passing acquaintance with Spencer's speculation is provided here with what he wants.

The book contains three essays, and the average reader will do well to follow them in inverse order. The third paper brings together many personal reminiscences concerning Spencer. The writer, Mr. James Collier, had special facilities for acquaintance with his subject, having been some nine or ten years Mr. Spencer's secretary and amanuensis. The portrait he has drawn is clear and life-like enough, and though in miniature is sufficiently detailed to serve the purpose of those who are not interested in studying the fuller picture painted by the author himself in his *Autobiography*.

The second essay is philosophical and critical, and as such has a distinct value, both because Spencer's theories on education have had and perhaps still have considerable influence on school teachers in this country, and because of the elements due to Professor Royce's judicious observations and criticisms. Not the least noteworthy of these latter elements is that which refers to Mr. Spencer's theory of

the educational importance of the physical sciences. The passage, although lengthy, deserves quotation. The purpose of training a man, Professor Royce goes on to say, is this:

"We want to fit him to take a place as an individual in human society. Now an individual man needs not only a general knowledge of the laws of the physical world and of human nature, but an interest in and a power to coöperate with individual human beings. The limitation of any form of scientific training is that, however carefully it may be founded upon observation of facts, it terminates in a knowledge of general principles. Now general principles, as such, refer to the laws of things, and not to the individual truths. But in real life we have to deal with the individual man, with this friend or neighbor, with this personal duty, with this appreciation of this task, this human affection, this work of art, this relation to humanity or to God. Hence the place in human training which is occupied by whatever helps us not merely to understand psychology but to love our neighbor; not merely to comprehend sociological principles, but to be loyal to this community; not merely to be abstract critics of art but to enjoy this poem, or this song, to admire this hero, to estimate this personal character, to bear this personal burden, to endure this affliction, to be patient under this trial. Now one great purpose of the humanities in education is to open our eyes to truths which cannot be expressed in abstract form, but which can only be appreciated through a direct enjoyment of human life as it gets portrayed in history, in literature and in art."

But it was just this factor of education that Spencer was incapable from his very nature of assimilating. "A lover of humanity in the abstract, Spencer was peculiarly [though not of course wholly] destitute of any large power to appreciate individuals." Nor was the power which his nature did possess in this respect brought out by education.

"In his *Autobiography* a few of his friends appear to have been to him very genuine individuals; and to them he was nobly loyal . . . But Spencer's hopeless inability to understand his critics, to enter into profitable controversy, to read an author with whose principles he felt any decided disagreement, to learn from his fellows in any adequate measure,—all this was the result of the temperament which limited him to studies such as dealt mainly with generalities. This was why history which deals so largely with the individual was in such a vast range of its human interest a sealed book to him. It would be sad indeed if all other men could be reduced through any system of training to the same degrees of poverty in their appreciation of individuality." (Pp. 173–177.)

One of Spencer's most famous theories on moral education was that known as the "discipline of consequences." The child, he taught, should be trained not by external and arbitrary commands, counsels, or threats, but by contact with nature and his fellows and by his own needs, physical and social, intellectual and emotional (p. 146). Concerning this peculiar educational method Professor Royce makes the

following sage comment. It is true that "there are certain things which we learn best through reflecting upon the consequences of our own deeds. The privilege of making our own blunders and of learning thereby is in respect of such matters very precious." Nevertheless,—

> "there are other respects in which we learn best through imitation, obedience, and whatever else does not leave us to ourselves but wisely informs us with tendencies to action which we could never have invented if left to ourselves. In general, loyalty —the essence of orderly social morality—is in most of us, in case we attain to loyalty at all, the result rather of 'heteronomy' of the will, which can only later reach 'autonomy.' The young Spencer's cool obstinacy and quiet good nature are not the heritage of every child. And yet there are some leaders of men who, with other moral training than his, have attained after all to much loftier ideals than he ever knew. He avoided anarchism of all sorts. But the 'discipline of consequences' never made him exactly a hero or a saint. Let us honor him for what he was. But let us be glad that he was not a trainer of our children." (P. 183.)

The first of Professor Royce's essays, having to do with the basal concepts and formulæ of Spencer's philosophy, is more abstruse and technical, appealing as such mainly to the special student. The average reader will find parts of it not easy reading. The positive side, however, of this quality will doubtless commend the matter to those of robust mastication. They of fragile tooth may take it in proportionate fragments.

The generally luminous and graceful style in which these essays are written holds one to their reading. Hardly second to this in potency of attraction is the product of the typographer's taste and skill. There is just a superfluous "t" at page 97, where "neutral" for "neural" might trip the unwary.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. A Miracle Play of the Nativity. Reconstructed from the Towneley and other old English Cycles (of the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth centuries). Supplemented and adapted to modern conditions by Charles Mills Gayley, as composed for Mr. Ben Greet, and presented by his company. New York: Fox, Duffield and Company. 1904. Pp. 70.

This quaint and handsome little volume from the Cambridge University Press is the first practical fruit in America of the revival of the old English drama, the so-called "Miracle Play." Catholics have let this inheritance slip from them, and it is now being exploited by those outside the Church who have an appreciation of what is noble and

refining in our ancient literature. "In the miracle plays of our forefathers," writes the editor, "the mirth, the proverbial philosophy, the social aims, the æsthetic and religious ideals of the Middle Ages still live for us." And by these means men of honest and intelligently-inquiring mind are led to the discovery that what has been called the "Dark Ages" was in reality a period of arcadian simplicity, full of the light which is given to the children of faith and innocence, and which reveals itself in that mystic tendency which has proved the most powerful element in the production of great works adorning periods of national peace. "The same simple, patient, practical mystics built both cycle [of these religious dramas] and cathedral. If we would know how our fathers lived and dreamed, we should study their temples of dramatic verse as well as their aspirations in stone." The germs of these works are found in England before the Norman Conquest. Dramatic tropes or paraphrases of the Scriptural narratives were presented by the clergy in the Church for the instruction of the simple faithful. From the Church these representations gradually lapsed into the churchyard and village green, assuming more and more a histrionic character as they found a warm welcome with the town-folk throughout the land. The guilds and crafts took up the subjects, which gave them the importance of public teachers in morality and religion outside the Church, and thus these edifying spectacles assumed an importance among the people of which we find living traces in such village plays as are still annually performed by the peasantry of Ober-Ammergau and other places in the Tyrol.

Thus these plays contributed in a positive manner to the maintenance of the social organism. "The theme of the dramas is, in a word, Christian: the career of the individual as an integral part of the social organization of the religious whole. So, also their aim: the welfare of the social individual." But because these plays proceeded from a real motive of social betterment they incorporated all the realities of life for the purpose of elevating and ennobling them. Hence the frequent strands of the comic element which pervade the woof of these sacred representations. It is comedy because it is human life, but is also divine because it aspires to assimilate the human to a divine model. To the reader whose delicate sensitiveness is apt to be shocked by certain expressions or realistic scenes in the plays, we would recall the fact that the idea of prudishness was absolutely foreign to the people of the Middle Ages. In the poetry

of those times the comic and the realistic got full rein. From the time that the play passed out of the Church into the hands of the guilds, "the playwright puts himself most readily into sympathy with the literary consciousness and the untutored taste of his public when he colors the spectacle, old or new, with what is preëminently popular and distinctively national."

In the present selection we have an attempt to reproduce the material conditions and atmosphere of the miracle plays grouped about the Christmas season, with due regard to modern conditions. The editor welds together into one a number of scenes drawn from several Christmas plays and introduces such alterations of language as are necessary to make the scenes intelligible to the English reader without the need of a glossary. Here and there this has necessitated the putting of his own words into the mouths of his *dramatis personae*. But the spirit of the whole is mediæval, and the ordinary reader who cannot reach the originals is thus enabled to enjoy a reproduction of the dramatic art which delighted our forefathers for full five hundred years, and to "learn something of the simplicity and sublimity of their ancient view of the Mystery that still is modern."

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Amateur Spirits: Bliss Perry. $1.25 *net.*

Six essays on topics apparently not related, but all in one way or another showing the advisability of retaining the free enthusiasm of the amateur, even after receiving professional training, and practising the profession.

Autobiography, Memories and Experiences of Moncure D. Conway: *Houghton.* 2 vols. $6.00.

The author, Virginian born and Methodist bred, became an abolitionist and a "radical" Unitarian, and lived in Boston, Concord and Cambridge before going to London to preach and to act as correspondent for American papers, and seems to have met and talked with all his English-speaking contemporaries of any consequence. The passages describing his spiritual conflicts and opinions, and some of his political theories, need explanation in the case of a young reader, but any person of discreet years will find the book a mine of significant anecdote.

Bethany: Thomas E. Watson. *Appleton.* $1.50.

The latter half of the book describing the experience of a Southern soldier is not especially novel, but the former, with its pictures of Johnston, Stevens, and Tombs, and its report of the popular reverence for Webster, is a perfectly trustworthy description of middle-class Georgian manner of thought and ways of living.

Biddy's Episodes: Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. *Houghton.* $1.50.

The love story of a girl mildly perverse in small matters, but upright in principle, unselfish, and remarkably skilful in discovering the vulnerable point in shams. It is related by a woman possessing the rare ability to discern the actual appearance of a fashionable bonnet.

Bonny Lesley of the Border: Amy E. Blanchard.

The northern part of lower Michigan is the scene, and the heroine is the granddaughter of a man addicted to moving frequently. The small rivalries of an old-fashioned school and of a little village appear in the early part of the story, but later the heroine goes to Detroit and there discovers her paternal grandfather, after which her life becomes broader, but she is faithful to her boy-lover.

Book of Clever Beasts: Myrtle Reed. *Putnam.* $1.50.

Instead of *corrupting* her mind by studying the crude animals of the forest, the author accurately observes those found in nature-books, and the result is as edifying as might be expected. Her work is dedicated to lovers of truth everywhere, and they will find it a remarkably amusing variation from their favorite diet.

Boy and the Outlaw: Thomas J. L. McManus. $1.50.

Clay Angel, the son of a Harper's Ferry boarding-house keeper, finds one of John Brown's mulattoes in hiding the day of Brown's capture and gives him aid and an opportunity to escape, although sorely tempted by the large reward offered for his capture. In spite of his efforts, the negro is apprehended and commits suicide, and the little hero is forced to flee to the North, where fortune compensates him for the loss of the reward by heaping favors upon him.

Brethren: H. Rider Haggard. *McClure.* $1.50.

Wulf and Godwin, twin brothers and English knights, go to the Orient in pursuit of their cousin, Saladin's niece, whom he has abducted. She is again stolen by the chief of the Assassins, who wishes to marry her; but the three escape all dangers from the heathen, and the tale ends with happiness for two.

Chicago Princess: Robert Barr. *Stokes.* $1.50.

A Chicago millionaire's daughter, is desirous of entertaining an Emperor on board her father's yacht, who engages the services of an English ex-diplomatist to capture the desired sovereign, and succeeds in involving himself with the King of Korea, whose ears the lady boxes and who afterward abducts her with a view to marriage. The girl is as improbable as the plot.

Christmas Eve on Lonesome: John Fox. *Scribner.* $1.50.

Six stories, two relating to Christmas, one a serio-comic Civil War tale, two having blood feuds for their subject, and one a tale of the new generation's way of dealing with disorder, make up this volume. The book has colored illustrations drawn by A. I. Keller.

Common Lot: Robert Herrick. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

A husband, at first from the desire to please his wife and then from ambition, plunges into unwarrantable extravagance and is unable to defend himself against a man who shows him a dishonest way of escape from his money embarrassments. His wife insists upon him making full and honest confession, and after hesitation he yields, finding himself happy although bereft of almost everything but her love.

Delightful Dodd: Elliott Flower. *Page.* $1.50.

A Michigan farmer, the landlord of a summer boarding house and a shrewd maker of paradoxes, is the chief actor in a series of small events in which the other personages reveal their characters.

Far and Near: John Burroughs. *Houghton.* $1.10 *net.*

A portrait of the author illustrates this volume, which includes the record of the Harriman Alaska expedition; a paper describing a February spent in Jamaica and called "Lost" by the author; seven articles on the ways of American birds and animals, and a few bird poems.

Gray World: Evelyn Underhill. *Century.*

The "gray world" is that which the author chooses to imagine is the home of departed souls lacking sufficient vitality won by achievement in their past life to advance to anything higher. The knowledge of it pervades the life of a man conscious of a previous incarnation, but surrounded by persons whose densely material nature takes no account of anything spiritual. The central thought is well-developed, but the book, although definitely put forward as a work of imagination, is too well done not to be taken

seriously by those unstable souls who look for a revelation in novels.

Happy Average: Brand Whitlock. *Bobbs.* $1.50.

The story of a dull Ohio village and the courtship of a dull young man who, after vainly trying to study law, goes to Chicago to make his fortune, enters journalism, marries as soon as his salary permits, and is left contemplating a speedy return to the law. The author perfectly imitates all the faults of Mr. Howells.

Heroes of the Storm: William D. O'Connor. *Houghton.* $1.50.

Twenty-five stories taken from the official records of the life-saving service and not in the smallest degree exaggerating the work of the life-savers. The author was a well-known Irish abolitionist, lover of Mr. Walter Whitman, and believer in the Bacon-Shakspeare myth, but splendidly generous in admiring bravery.

Honor Sherburne: Amanda M. Douglas. *Dodd.* $1.25.

The scene is Washington, the heroine a young wife, married to a kinsman and not quite at home in her new life. The story ends happily after a brief season of anxiety, but it is hardly worth telling, and is not fit for a child's reading although often sold as a child's book.

Imaginary Obligations: Frank Moore Colby. *Dodd.* $1.20 *net.*

Brief essays protesting against the general proneness to subserviency to fashion in matters literary; against self-advertising; against praise of nonentities; against pedantry; against affectation, against many things endured by man in general from pure laziness and cowardice. Incidentally the author criticises Mr. Kipling and Mr. James in certain aspects.

Journey in Search of Christmas: Owen Wistar. *Harper.* $2.00.

The "searcher" is a cowboy recently paid and anxious for amusement. He finds it in taking three newsboys to dinner and to the theatre, and, discovering that one of them is the son of a woman who once pretended to marry him, he adopts him, remarking that he has "struck Christmas all right." The tone of the story is strained and unnatural.

Lady of Royalty House: Justin Huntly McCarthy. *Harper.* $1.50.

A Royalist lady defends her castle against Puritan forces led by her cousin, and when he is taken prisoner manages to secure his pardon from King Charles. The chief character in the book is an old Cavalier adventurer who loves the girl, fights loyally for her, and dies to save her lover's life.

Law of the Land: Emerson Hough. *Bobbs.* $1.50.

The experiences of a Mississippi planter with freed negroes, both on his plantation and in politics, form the background for a family romance, well planned and well written, and well stating

the case of the white Mississippian.

Letter D: Grace Denio Litchfield. *Dodd.* $1.50.

By making his literary success the price of her hand, the heroine places the hero in such a position that he privately excuses himself for presenting a friend's novel to her as his own; but when his falsehood is publicly accepted he atones for his faults by private confession to her and a public confession to the world.

Little Girl in Old Chicago: Amanda M. Douglas. *Dodd.* $1.50.

A description of the experience of the early settlers, beginning with Jackson's administration, and tracing the course of improvements up to the date of the great fire, makes the setting for the love story of two persons, the "little girl" and a boy somewhat older. The girl's personal story is unhappy, but ends pleasantly.

Love of Azalea: Onoto Watanna. *Dodd.* $2.00 *net.*

A Protestant missionary to Japan who pays his choristers, is approached by a girl who, wishing to make money, tells him that she is willing to be converted. While explaining her mistake, he falls in love with her, and soon marries her. Her sufferings, owing to evil machinations of a former suitor, exercised during her husband's temporary absence in his own country, constitute the story.

Love Triumphant: Frederick Lawrence Knowles. *Estes.*

Lyrics of love form the greater part of this volume, but some excellent patriotic verses and some poems of high courage are set in the closing pages. Among the few religious poems are certain ones exhibiting that profound discontent with Protestant creeds, often mistaken for disbelief in Christianty.

Madigans: Miriam Michelson. *Century.* $1.50.

The doings of a family of motherless children under the guardianship of an indolent, unsuccessful father, and an aunt addicted to writing begging-letters, are set forth with humor that wavers between cruelty and sentimentalism. Many of the scenes are excellently written, but, as a whole, the book is crude.

Mammy 'mongst the Wild Nations of Europe: Ruthella Mory Bibbins. *Stokes.* $1.25.

A black woman, ignorant of everything beyond the borders of Virginia, accompanies her mistress to England and to Paris, and makes comments according to her knowledge.

Manassas: Upton Sinclair. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

A very long story of family life on a Mississippi plantation before the war contrasted with life in Boston at the same time. The young hero, passing from the former to the latter, is converted to abolitionism, admires John Brown, enters the Union army, and is last seen at Bull Run. The

author gives undue prominence to the worst abuses of slavery and makes his battle-scene horrible to indecency.

Masquerader: Katherine Cecil Thurston. *Harper.* $1.50.

A poor, but honest and able man is hired by a member of Parliament to take his place in the world that he may conceal his growing subjection to morphia. The story deals with the passing obstacles to the perfect success of the plan, and ends with the death of the husband, leaving the wife and the masquerader in love with one another, and with the problem of the manner of their marriage to solve.

May Iverson, Her Book: Elizabeth Jordan. *Harper.* $1.50.

Convent discipline and the teaching sisterhoods are woefully misrepresented in this book, but apparently with no malicious intention. The supposed writer is an imitative girl who mistakes her vanity for literary ambition, and writes magniloquent nothings.

Monarch, the Big Bear of Talac: Ernest Thompson Seton. *Scribner.* $1.25 *net.*

Full-page pictures of the bear in varied action, and marginal notes of his amusing deeds, illustrate the biography of a grizzly reared in captivity and with experience as a hotel pet and the scourge of the sheep ranches between him and his last captivity in a public park. The reader is expected to sympathize with his viciousness, apparently because of its magnitude.

My Lady of the North: Randall Parish. *McClurg.* $1.50.

An officer on General Lee's staff, bearing secret despatches through the Union lines, is compelled to take charge of a Northern woman, and is drawn and lured into many positions in which he is in danger not only from the soldiers of both armies but from the "bushwhackers." A pleasant surprise awaits him in the last chapter.

Nature and Culture: Hamilton Wright Mabie. *Dodd.* $2.00 *net.*

This new edition of a collection of thirty brief essays on miscellaneous topics, originally published in 1896, reappears illustrated with twenty-three photographs made by Mr. Rudolph Eickmeyer, Jr., and representing sea views, woodland scenes at many seasons, illustrating passing phrases and sentences not written for illustration, but proving admirably fitted for it.

Off the Highway: Alice Prescott Smith. *Houghton.* $1.50.

A California story of life and love in the region of olive orchards and vineyards, the chief character being a Protestant minister, so true to his conception of right as to lay waste his vineyard lest wine should be made of the grapes.

Painted Shadows: Richard Le Gallienne. *Little.* $1.50.

One of the twelve stories in this volume imagines the possible return of the gods to the earth and their resumption of power in a

world too refined and "too liberal" to endure simple Christianity, and its humor might possibly harm those incapable of understanding it. The choice of subject in the others is not always happy and although they are not immoral, the book is not suitable for very young girls, but it has none of its author's early faults.

Queen's Advocate: Arthur W. Marchmont. *Stokes.* $1.50.

A member of the Servian royal family, a defender of the late queen, and an American millionaire prospecting in the Bosnian hills, meet under circumstances which make them her protectors; and they are in the capital and in intimate relations with the army at the time of the assassination but not as accomplices. The story is of the Zenda school.

Queen's Progress: Felix E. Schelling. *Houghton.* $2.50 *net.*

A very beautiful piece of book-making, illustrated by photogravures reproducing Elizabethan pictures. The papers describe a progress, analyze an Elizabethan will, tell of Thomas Stucley, the friendship of Fulke Greville and Philip Sidney, give some pretty pictures of children, and supply other details of Elizabethan life as it appears in the records of the time, not as it is seen through the eyes of historians.

Ragged Messenger: W. B. Maxwell. *Putnam.* $1.50.

A fanatical street-preacher given to self-sacrificing charity, inherits a vast fortune which he distributes in good works, regarding himself only as a trustee. He is deceived by the wife whom he has redeemed from poverty, latent epilepsy develops itself, and when she returns to him, not truly repentant, but crying that she is afraid to meet death alone, he kills himself that she may have a companion.

Reaper: Edith Rickert. *Houghton.* $1.50.

A Shetland story exhibiting the superstitions still current among the islanders, but showing many characters perfected through suffering. The author lived among the fisherfolk as one of themselves, and writes of them with sisterly charity.

Ruth Campbell's Experiment: Nina Rhoades. *Wilde.* $1.25.

The experiment consists in taking the place of maid-of-all-work in a family of eight, the head of which is the heroine's half-brother, whom she has not seen since childhood; it ends very happily.

Sea-Wolf: Jack London. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The "Sea-Wolf" is a preternaturally brutal captain who hesitates at no crime. A rich young man of the world and a literary woman of great beauty fall into his power, and histyranny over them and the doubt as to their final escape make the whole interest of the tale aside from his character. It is well written, save for the author's incurable "What of" for "what with."

Soldier of the Valley: Nelson Lloyd. *Scribner.* $1.50.

A country schoolmaster, crippled during the Spanish war, relates his love story, the mental experiences by which he is slowly reconciled to the endurance of his affliction. It is excellently imagined, and the region in which the action takes place is well described.

Son of Royal Langbrith: William Dean Howells. *Harper.* $2.00.

The hero's mother deceives him as to the character of his father, and his efforts to commemorate entirely imaginary virtues bring both them and their friends into many embarrassing positions. The unhappiness of the mother and the humiliation of the son ensue logically in spite of their innocence. The story is needlessly lengthened by the repeated discussion of every point and phase of the case, and by insistent dwelling on petty foibles.

Sorrows of Sap'ed: James Jeffrey Roche. *Harper.* $1.50.

A curse lies upon the royal line of Gallimatia to the effect that the queen who loves the king shall die the day of her wedding, and the sorrows of Sap'ed are based upon the survival of his first three wives. In the case of the fourth, the reader is told that the worst happened and is left to guess at the event. Perverted proverbs and witty sayings cloaked in solemnity make every paragraph amusing.

Theophano: Frederic Harrison. *Harper.* $1.50.

The author is deeply scandalzed whenever he finds a monk or a priest not afraid to assert the claims of religion in the case of the Imperial family or of the Emperor himself, but, on the other hand, he does not conceal the real paganism of Theophano, her complicity in more than one murder, or her repeated infidelity. Necessarily, the story is anything but edifying, but the author's bias makes it mischievous.

Truants: A. E. W. Mason.

A wife and husband separate amicably for a season in order that he may acquire the means of subsistence, of which he has been ingeniously deprived by a tyrannical and miserly father. A girl, friendly to both, having before his marriage warned the husband against such a course, watches over the wife, and frustrates the evil designs of a polished scamp who aims at her pocketbook rather than at her heart. The complications of the plot are ingenious, if possibly too delicate for the plain man's credulity.

True Bills: George Ade. *Harper.* $1.00.

Stories written in a dialect unintelligible to one whose acquaintance with American English is bounded by the dictionary, and not sufficiently amusing to warrant close study of their language.

Undercurrent: Robert Grant. *Scribner.* $1.50.

The main question of the book is the propriety of a blameless wife's re-marriage during the lifetime of the husband who has shamelessly deserted her. She decides that "the ban of the

Church, when the law gives one freedom, is a mere fetich," and refuses to hear the remonstrances of her Episcopalian pastor. The author tells the story impartially, but the heroine's behavior is based upon self-indulgence proceeding from her efforts to improve herself, and her self-deception is likely to deceive an incautious or ignorant reader, making him fancy that bigamy is defended.

Whosoever Shall Offend: F. Marion Crawford. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

An Italian family story, with a villain who poisons his wife and endeavors to murder her son that he may inherit their fortune. The result of his crime is the betrayal of a devoted girl who saves the son's life, and his own commission of a second murder, of which he is convicted.

Wolverine: Albert Lathrop Lawrence. *Little.* $1.50.

The development of society in Michigan Territory is the chief subject, and the hero is a good specimen of the later Eastern settlers, but in ignorance the author makes a French Catholic girl ask a Protestant layman to don the robes of a priest that he may give Extreme Unction to her dying brother, and connive at his following the corpse to the grave similarly arrayed. That she marries him afterwards and goes to his church seems a trifle by comparison.

Women in the Fine Arts: Clara Erskine Clement. *Houghton.* $2.50 *net.*

The brief biographies in this volume are arranged alphabetically; they cover the period from the seventh century before Christ, the early chronicles being very brief, and the lives of surviving artists being given at length. Half-tone pictures, chiefly after modern work, illustrate the volume.

Zelda Dameron: Meredith Nicholson. *Bobbs.* $1.50.

A well-written story in which the daughter of a miserly man, avoided by all his wife's family, attempts to carry out the wishes of her dead mother by trusting him and restoring him to society. He is incorrigible, and embezzles her inheritance; but she forgives him, and her filial piety brings her happiness.

Juvenile.

A B C in Dixie: Louise Q. Bonte and George W. Bonte. *Dutton.* $1.25 *net.*

Very well printed pictures in four colors, representing black men and women of types so unnaturally ugly as to be artistically unwholesome, and destructive of charity.

Alley Cat's Kitten: Caroline M. Fuller. *Little.* $1.25.

Many cats and kittens, dogs, rabbits, and hens, figure in this book, both as talking with one another and as the dumb pets of little children, whose parents teach them to be kind, even in play. [Six to ten.]

Ark of 1803: C. A. Stevens. *Barnes.* $1.25.

Pioneer life in Marietta and the voyage of a lumber ark down the Ohio and Mississippi are the background for a story of a boy who, by bravery and good conduct, lived down the bad reputation of his father and family. [Ten to thirteen.]

Basket Woman: Mary Austin. *Houghton.* $1.50.

Tree and stream legends and children's stories told by a Pah Ute basket woman; the tale of a boy lost in the sterile region at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, and a story of Indian fidelity. [Ten to any age.]

Billy Whiskers, Jr.: Frances Trego Montgomery. *Saalfield.* $1.00.

This story of a goat's adventures during a journey across the United States and Mexico, and a subsequent voyage to Japan, is written in imperfect English and is not wholesome reading.

Blue Dragon: Kirk Munroe. *Harper.* $1.25.

A much-needed lesson in good manners to visiting foreigners is combined with a description of the siege of the Pekin legations, and a good, brief exposition of Chinese affairs. [Ten to twelve.]

Book of School and College Sports: Ralph Henry Barbour. *Appleton.* $1.75 *net.*

Football, baseball, lacrosse, ice-hockey, lawn tennis, and track sports, are described in a spirit encouraging sport for sport's sake, rather than for the sake of winning public games. [Eight to any age.]

Brown Fairy Book: Andrew Lang. *Longmans.* $1.60 *net.*

Indian, Kaffir, New Caledonian, Persian, Australian, Brazilian, and Lapp fairy stories are included in this volume, which has eight colored pictures and forty-three illustrations in black and white. [Five to ten.]

By Conduct and Courage: G. A. Henty. *Scribner.* $1.20 *net.*

From smuggler's watch to ship's boy, then to midshipman, and then to a lieutenancy and a post-captainship, is the story of the hero's promotion. He is taken prisoner with Nelson and has other uncommon although possible adventures. [Ten to fifteen.]

Captain John Smith: Tudor Jenks. *Century.* $1.20 *net.*

A clear and unprejudiced history, based on Smith's account, supplemented by such information as can be drawn from other sources, and written in a pleasant and attractive style. [Ten to any age.]

Courier of Empire: John H. Whitson. *Wilde.* $1.50.

A boy adopted by the Cayuse tribe of Indians is the hero, but the chief real personage is Whitman, the missionary murdered by the Indians in 1847. The author gives the Indians' reasons for their conduct and is in every way just to them. [Ten to fourteen.]

Dog Tales: Lilian Gask.

A very little book with six full-page illustrations, four of them colored, and many small pictures in the text, and relating the delightful doings of a retriever, a collie, a pug, and a Manchester terrier. [Six to eight.]

Elinor Arden, Royalist: Mary Constance DuBois. *Century.* $1.25.

A cavalier's daughter spends some years preceding 1649 in a Royalist household, and afterwards lives with the family of a Roundhead uncle. The religious question is entirely excluded from the story, and the reader's sympathies are not strongly directed to either party. [Nine to thirteen.]

Famous Children of Literature: Little Peter, Little Paul: Frederick Lawrence Knowles. *Estes.* $1.00.

Well-made and accurately illustrated abstracts of the earlier part of "Peter Simple" and those parts of "Dombey & Son" in which Paul appears. [Six to ten.]

Fantasma Land: Charles Raymond Macauley. *Bobbs.*

A story of a forest haunted by witches, ghosts, and monsters of various species. It is interspersed with verse, fairly humorous in itself but far beyond the apprehension of any child.

Fort in the Forest: Everett T. Tomlinson. *Wilde.* $1.50.

The story of Fort William Henry is here related as part of the experience of two boys and their friend, an old hunter. A French priest aids them to escape from the Indians. [Ten to twelve.]

Goop Tales: Gelett Burgess. *Stokes.* $1.50.

The small faults of childhood are at the same time represented and reproved by amusing pictures and droll little stories, each one ending with the question "Are you a Goop?" [Five to any age.]

Handicraft and Recreation for Girls: Lina and Adelia B. Beard. *Scribner.* $1.50 *net.*

Splint-weaving, basket-making, spinning, and weaving are the principal crafts taught by the authors; but they give instruction in making a great number of toys and thus teach girls the possibility of economical amusement and self-help. [Eight to fourteen.]

Helen Grant's Friends: Amanda M. Douglas. *Lee.*

The story of a girl who, having been reclaimed by the father for many years neglectful of her, finds his requirements exacting, but fulfils them dutifully, and at his death is enabled to take up her own plans with a clear conscience. [Twelve to fourteen.]

In the Closed Room: Frances Hodgson Burnett. *McClure.*

A morbid story of a ghost-seeing child who dies picturesquely of heart disease.

In the Miz: Grace E. Ward. *Little.* $1.50.

Fantastic stories and nonsense verses, with good full-page pic-

tures in color and in black and white, and very funny text illustrations, make up an amusing small quarto, with an elaborately funny cover and end-papers. [Six to ten.]

In the Reign of Queen Dick: Carolyn Wells. *Appleton.* $1.50.

Two good-tempered children, being permitted to enter the land of Nod, see the April Fool, the Seven Sleepers, and many imaginary and legendary persons, enjoy themselves greatly, and receive a few sober hints as to behavior. [Eight to ten.]

Irma and Nap: Helen Leah Reed. *Little.* $1.25.

The small excitements and amusements of a school girl's life make up a very pleasant story, in which the well-meaning, modest heroine is seen improving in character and manners. [Eight to ten.]

Island Camp: Ralph Bonehill.

Hunting in the New England woods before the days of preserving is the subject. Very young sportsmen bag turkeys, spear pike, fight with wolves, and bring down deer and a moose, besides learning woodcraft from a veteran hunter. [Ten to twelve.]

Is there a Santa Claus?: Jacob A. Riis. *Macmillan.* $0.75 *net.*

A very little book with prettily illustrated borders, containing personal Christmas experiences, one of them the oft-described author's dinner with the President. He ingeniously connects the Santa Claus legend with the real story of Christmas. [Eight to ten.]

Jewel's Story Book: Clara Louise Burnham. *Houghton.* $1.50.

This book is clever, but is evidently intended to be a proselyting agent for Christian Science.

Kinbun Daizin: Gensai Murai. *Century.* $1.25.

The foundation of this tale is the life of a great Japanese merchant of the eighteenth century, the builder of his own fortune. It much resembles the American stories of merchant princes, written in the second third of the last century. [Ten to twelve.]

Larry the Wanderer: Edward Stratemeyer. *Lee.* $1.00.

Larry "wanders" in search of work, falls under suspicion of crime, is exonerated, outwits and vanquishes all his enemies, and at last finds the mother from whom he was stolen in infancy. [Eight to ten.]

Little Almond Blossoms: Jessie Juliet Knox. *Little.* $1.50.

Stories of Chinese children, sometimes related from a Chinese point of view, sometimes from the American. The book is illustrated with the author's photographs of Chinese children living in California. [Four to twelve.]

Little Precious: Gertrude Smith. *Harper.* $1.30 *net.*

Short stories in short words, describing children who are always beautiful, sweet, dear, wonderful, and otherwise amaz-

ing. They are less mischievous than tales of unpunished bad children, but their saccharine quality is too strong. [Five to seven.]

Mary's Garden: Frances Duncan. *Century.* $1.25.

A child's experience in working under the direction of an old gardener who teaches her not only the routine of his trade, but many small matters useful to the amateur. [Eight to any age.]

Merryweathers: Laura E. Richards. *Estes.* $1.25.

This record of a gay, witty, well-bred family's summer in camp near a lake abounds in good talk and contains directions for some pleasant games. [Ten to fourteen.]

Midshipman in the Pacific: Cyrus Townsend Brady.

An American midshipman, attempting to join his vessel in a skiff at midnight in a foreign harbor, comes to grief by collision with a British whaler and is forced to stay aboard her. He is repeatedly wrecked and rescued before he finds himself on the Essex in time to participate in her last fight. [Eight to fourteen.]

Minute Boys of the Green Mountains: James Otis. *Estes.* $1.25.

The story of Tobias Stillman, Jethro Pike and their friend Captain Dick in the contest with Burgoyne and Riedesel, and of the Whig farmers' defence of their land against Tory attack. [Ten to twelve.]

Nursery Fire: Rosalind Richards. *Little.* $1.50.

Stories of little children living among books and pictures and beautiful things and knowing nothing worse than their own small naughtiness. [Three to eight.]

Old Put, the Patriot: F. A. Ober. *Appleton.* $1.25.

An illustrated biography describing Putnam's services in the war of 1755-1763, and his civil life with more particularity than is customary. [Ten to any age.]

On a Lark to the Planets: Frances Trego Montgomery. *Saalfield.* $1.50.

A fantastic story of a balloon journey among the planets with a dissertation on astrology much too seriously written to be safe reading.

On Hyacinth Hill: Mary F. Leonard. *Wilde.*

This story is written around the idea that something beautiful awaits every human being on the path of his life and that he has only to march patiently. It is revealed to a little girl and her brother, who accept it with great seriousness and present it to many of their elders with agreeable results. [Ten to twelve.]

On the Trail of Pontiac: Edward Stratemeyer. *Lee.* $1.00.

The heroes in former volumes in the Colonial series reappear, and with their friend, the scout Barringford, discover some of the plans of Pontiac. [Eight to twelve.]

Patriot and Tory: Edward S. Ellis. *Estes.* $1.25.

The story of the patriot and Tory brother retold with a pleasant suggestion of eighteenth-century style, and with the battle of Monmouth for its most important episode. Details of army equipment are among its peculiar merits. [Ten to twelve.]

Phoenix and the Carpet: E. Nesbit. *Macmillan.* $1.50 *net.*

Four children become possessors of a magic carpet enclosing the phœnix's egg, which they hatch and then use both bird and carpet to obtain adventures. [Eight to twelve.]

Puss in the Corner: Edith Frances Foster. *Estes.*

Ten good rebus stories with original figures, with twenty pictures of cats, a pretty frontispiece and final picture. [Four to six.]

Red Cap Tales: S. R. Crockett. *Macmillan.* $2.00 *net.*

Fragments from Waverley, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy and the Antiquary are related to a group of children, and presented in the setting of their conversation, in the hope of inducing young folk to read the entire originals. [Ten to twelve]

Rhymes and Jingles: Mary Mapes Dodge. *Scribner.* $1.50.

Simple verses, easily learned and not often difficult to read, with new illustrations and eighteen new poems, written for this edition.

River-Land: Robert W. Chambers. *Harper.* $1.50 *net.*

A butterfly, a grasshopper, a sandpiper, a marsh hawk, a mosquito, a whirligig, and a water-duck describe themselves to two children, and joke very naughtily. Eight colored pictures and pen-and-ink drawings illustrate the book. [Five to any age.]

Ruby Ring: Mary Louisa Molesworth. *Macmillan.* $1.25.

A discontented little girl, granted her wish to be successively transformed into a gipsy, a robin, and a fairy, is very glad to resume her own body. [Eight to ten.]

Sea Wolves of Seven Shores: Jessie Peabody Frothingham. *Scribner.* $1.20 *net.*

Sea-robbers of every species, authorized and unauthorized by their governments, are the heroes of these stories, which seem likely to confuse a boy's ideas of right and wrong.

Soldiers of the Duke: Eva Madden. *Wilde.* $1.25.

The soldiers are those commanded by Queen Anne's son, the Duke of Gloucester, and the question of the Protestant succession is discussed in terms hardly pleasing to young Catholic readers.

Sportsman Joe: Edwyn Sandys. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

A boy's adventures in fishing and hunting big game in Canada under the protection of a sportsman who gives him excellent instruction in managing his apparatus and on some serious matters. [Ten to eighteen.]

Staying Guest: Carolyn Wells. *Century*. $1.50.

A child compels her elders to obey her and reduces them to the humblest submission, at the same time winning their affection. She is much like Jewel with the Christian Science omitted.

Story of the Five Rebellious Dolls: E. Nesbit. *Dutton*. $1.25 *net*.

Really witty text, illustrated by twelve full-page pictures, half colored, and six black and white, tells the story of five little dolls who refused to obey, went abroad in search of happiness and encountered wild cats, cannibals, and other dangerous persons, but were finally succored by Robinson Crusoe, who showed them the error of their ways. [Five to any age.]

Ten Little Indians: Mary Hazletine Wade. *Wilde*.

Childhood among the oldest ten tribes in the United States is described with sufficient particularity to give a young reader clear conceptions of the wide difference between tribes. [Six to ten.]

Two in a Zoo: Curtis Dunham and Oliver Hereford. *Bobbs*.

Logically imagined stories of the animals in a Zoo, whose conversation is understood and interpreted by a lame boy for the benefit of a little girl styled princess. The chidren visit the forest and make the acquaintance of Grandfather Pickerel and his friends. Admirable pictures and amusing poetical chapter mottoes increase the attraction of the stories. [Eight to any age.]

Two Young Inventors: Alvah Milton Kerr. *Lee*. $1.25.

An inventor, carried skyward in a cyclone, lands, deprived of his memory, on a farm where lives a boy of similar tastes, but less advanced in his studies and experiments. The book relates the story of their work and of its excellent results. [Ten to twelve.]

Literary Chat.

The last volume from the pen of the Abbé Fouard, which he was able to revise just before his death, has appeared under the title of *Saint Jean et la fin de l'âge apostolique*. It completes the picture of Christian society during the Apostolic age which the Abbé had undertaken to work out in his former volumes. St. John was the youngest of the professed members of the Apostolic College, and he lived the longest. His influence dominated the Church in Asia, whence the faith was transplanted into the Gentile countries, for centuries. The work, which is scholarly and well written in French, comes at an opportune moment when the authenticity of the Gospel of St. John is being questioned by the assumptions of its apocryphal character through the Abbé Loisy, whose writings have been censured. Another work which falls happily in line with the position taken by the Abbé Fouard is Père Calmes' *L'Evangile selon S. Jean*, which is of a learned and critical character and embodies an ana-

lytical commentary dealing with the historical and theological aspect of the Fourth Gospel. Both works will probably appear soon in English.

Among novels of recent date *The Way that Led Beyond*, by J. Harrison, is altogether superior to the run of popular books issued for Catholic readers. This is true also of *Kind Hearts and Coronets* by the same writer.

The Jesuit scientist, P. Erich Wasmann, who lives at present in Luxemburg, has issued in book form his series of articles on Biology and the Descent Theory which appeared in *Stimmen* from 1901–1903. It is a masterly contribution to the subject and we hope some Jesuit Father can be found to make a readable translation of it. (Herder.)

It is in the smaller towns of the interior, rather than in the great seaboard cities and the inland capitals, says David Gray (*Harper's*), that the real American aristocracy is to be found,—the aristocracy of breeding, culture, and brains, rather than of money and display. In such a community one may find "men of character and capacity, and women of breeding, charm, and sweetness." Here one will look in vain for "the socially ambitious, for the moneyed ass, for the bore. . . . In the rapidly-growing communities removed from the Atlantic seaboard," he concludes, "the best ideals of American breeding and manners in large measure are being fostered."

Mark Twain does himself honor by his recent estimate of Joan of Arc, although here, too, he sins, if not by dragging a noble subject into triviality, as he has so often done, certainly by an exclusiveness of praise which shows his limited acquaintance with nobler womanhood.

Mr. Gustave Fagniez has in press (Victor Lecoffre, Paris) a volume entitled *Corporations et Syndicats*. It is one of the series of books on questions of Social Economy published under the direction of Henri Joly, president of the *Societé d' Economie Sociale* and member of the French Institute. The most important volume of the series thus far is one by Professor Béchaux of the Law faculty at the University of Lille. He deals with the subject of "labor regulations," both in France and abroad, and sketches a project for an international adjustment of the rights of labor.

Speaking of Henri Joly one cannot fail to admire the energy of the man as a writer and stimulator of timely literature. The series of popular *Lives of Saints*, written under his direction and in part by himself, may not wholly escape criticism, and will be found unequal in merit if judged in its separate parts; but it demonstrates a kind of enterprise which should have been taken up long ago by corporations whose profession it is to popularize systematic inquiry and knowledge. It is the sort of work which a Catholic University is expected to originate and to sustain with unquestioned orthodoxy as well as scholarly discrimination.

On the subject of English translations from foreign languages, Dom Gasquet, the well known historian of the Reformation period, in his preface to *Letters of Blessed John of Avila*, quotes an almost forgotten but pertinent "passage from"

Cardinal Newman, who says that it is a problem "how two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first. The problem almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed; and the chief question is, what is the least sacrifice? In a balance of difficulties, one translator will aim at being critically correct, and he will become obscure, cumbrous and foreign; another will aim at being English and will appear deficient in scholarship. While grammatical particulars are followed out, the spirit evaporates; and while an easy flow of language is secured, new ideas are introduced or the point of the original is lost, or the drift of the context impaired. Under these circumstances, perhaps, it is fair to lay down that while every care must be taken against the introduction of new, or the omission of existing ideas, in translating the original text, yet, in a book intended for general reading, faithfulness may be considered simply to consist in expressing in English the *sense* of the original; the actual words of the latter being viewed mainly as *directions into* its sense, and scholarship being necessary in order to gain the full insight into that sense which they afford; and next: that where something must be sacrificed, precision or intelligibility, it is better in a popular book to be understood by those who are not critics than to be applauded by those who are." (Advertisement to *Historical Sketches*, Vol. II.)

Readers of Canon Sheehan's new novel, of which the first instalment appeared in the November number of THE DOLPHIN magazine, are expressing their delight at the genial author's unexpected leap into the charming field of romantic history, —and a history of Doneraile. For *Glenanaar* is not mere fiction any more than was *My New Curate*. The reader may not know that Glenanaar (or *Glenanair* as the Celtic purists would prefer to have it pronounced and written) is actually a portion of the parish of Doneraile; and into this story are woven all the sweet and bitter memories of the country-folk for miles around. "If ever you come to Doneraile," writes Father Sheehan, "and your journey should be from east to west, you will pass a white house on the left hand side of the road, just beyond the old graveyard of Temple Ruadhan, and just above the ancient castle of Ballinamona. That is the house where Edmund Burke came to school when his family lived at Castletownroche." Indeed the persons whom Father Sheehan introduces are nearly all real characters, some of them dead, except to memory, and others still witnessing to the things of long ago.

Doneraile, in Cork, has its name from *Dun*, "fortress," and is *Dun-air-aill*, the "fortress on the cliff," as it is styled in the Book of Lismore. It is the same in derivation as Dun-dun-aille, found in other parts of Ireland (or in the writing of the Four Masters Dunaille), whence *Doonally*, ancient residence of the O'Donnells in Sligo.

B. Herder (St. Louis) is to publish *Brother and Sister*, by Père Charruau, translated by Mrs. Otten. The volume will be ready before the Christmas season, and readers who have enjoyed its chapters in our pages will welcome the book as an exceptional work not merely from the literary point of view, but above all because of its refining, educating effect. It was this element (its high educational tendency) which directed our attention to the original and caused us to publish it as a serial.

Methuen & Co. (London) have just issued Louise Imogen Guiney's new book *Hurrell Froude* (Memoranda and Comments). It is a fine volume of over four hundred pages and contains, besides the epistolary matter chiefly drawn from *The Remains* published by the Rivingtons in 1838 and now almost forgotten, the comments of many leading men of the last and our own generation upon Froude and his connection with the Oxford Movement. This second part is of exceptional interest in its connection with John Henry Newman's noble friend. We shall speak of the book in our next number.

Books Received.

HAGIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY, Duchess of Thuringia. By the Count de Montelambert, Peer of France, Member of the French Academy. Translated by Francis Deming Hoyt. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green and Company. 1904. Pp. x—493. Price, $2.50 *net*.

THE LIFE OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. Written by Herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. Third Edition Enlarged. With Additional Notes and an Introduction by the Rev. Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. London: Thomas Baker. 1904. Pp. xlvii—489. Price, 8s. *net*.

SAINTS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By H. Pomeroy Brewster, author of *The Cross of Iconography, Archæology, Architecture, and Christian Art*, etc. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1904. Pp. xiv—558. Price, $2.00 *net*.

LETTERS OF BLESSED JOHN OF AVILA. Translated and selected from the Spanish by the Benedictines of Stanbrook; with preface by the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. Worcester: Stanbrook Abbey; London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 168. Price, $1.10.

HISTORY.

HERBERT SPENCER. An Estimate and Review by Josiah Royce. Together with a Chapter of Personal Reminiscences by James Collier. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co., 36 E. Twenty-first Street. 1904. Pp. 234. Price, $1.25 *net*; by mail, $1.35.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE HIGH PRIESTS. Five Lectures on the Period between Nehemiah and the New Testament. By Edwyn Bevan, author of *The House of Seleucus*. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. xi—170. Price, $2.50.

SIR THOMAS MORE (The Blessed Thomas More). By Henri Bremond. Translated by Harold Child. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 205. Price, $1.00.

EDUCATIONAL.

RELIGION AND THE HIGHER LIFE. Talks to Students. By William Rainey Harper, President of Chicago University. Chicago: The University Press. 1904. Pp. 184. Price, $1.00.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEWOMAN AND THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE. Family Sitting Room Series. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co. 1904. Pp. 98. Price, $0.50.

INDEX.

PAGE

Associations Law. IV. History of the French— 22
Aurora Borealis. The Phenomenon of the— 581
Ballad of the Hermit and the Outlaw 210, 288
"Before and After." Poem 460
Birds and the Farmer 89
Boll Weevil. An Enemy of the Cotton— 445
Borgmann, C.SS.R. The Rev. Henry— 210, 288, 408, 627
Brazil. Experimenting with Yellow Fever in— 578
Brother and Sister 37, 169, 282, 420, 671
Bryant (William Cullen)—A Poet of Death 389
"Bunche" of Old Christmas Carols 627
Carmina Mariae—Two Poems 321
Carols. Some Old Christmas— 627
Charruau, S.J. The Rev. Jean— 37, 169, 282, 420, 671
Chartres Cathedral. The— 379
Chateaubriand's Estimate of the Medical Profession 697
Christmas. An Old Mystery Play for— 408
Christmas Carols. Some Old— 627
Christmas Poems of Sœur Thérèse 686
Church Music and Convent Education 224
Church Music. Solesmes School of— 322
College Settlements and Educated Catholics 703
Color Scheme of a School-Room 462
Comets and Radio-Activity 443
Concordat. Original Text of the French— 457
Concordat. Origin of the French— 451
Convent Education and the Way of the World 151
Convent Education. Letter of a Nun on— 318
Convent Training and Church Music 224
Conversion. From Conclusions to— 257
Cotton Boll Weevil. An Enemy of the— 445
Critics of the Reform in Church Music 705
Darley Dale 263
Democracy Bankrupt? Is— 399
Devas, Esq. Charles S.— 399
"Dies Irae": An Experiment in Compression 663
"Dies Irae." Authorship of— 500, 514
"Dies Irae" Contributions. Our— 592
"Dies Irae." Liturgical Use of— 517
"Dies Irae." The Latin Texts of— 519
"Dies Irae." Translations of— 497, 500, 513, 663

PAGE
Donnelly. Eleanor C.— 460
Educated Catholics and the "Social Settlement" Question 703
Education and our Protestant Brethren. Religious— 715
Education. Letter of Nun on Convent— 318
Educational Commission. Report of the Mosely— 331
Electricity and Frozen Plumbing 582
Electricity and Orthodoxy 447
Electricity. Fog Dispersion by Static— 449
Emery. Susan L.— 686
"Eremyte and the Owtelawe." The Ballad of the— 210, 288
Esling, Esq. Charles H. A.— 377
Ether in Modern Chemistry 91
Fog Dispersion by Static Electricity 449
France and the Holy See 450
France. IV. History of the Religious Crisis in— 22
Farmer. Birds and the— 89
Freeland. The Rev. John— 562
Fridays. The Nine First— 102
Frozen Plumbing and Electricity 582
Funeral Rites in Queen Mary's Reign 562
Gambling. The Morality of— 96
Gift of Miracles outside the Church 328
Glenanaar: A Story of Irish Life 531, 635
"Gospel" so-called in Protestantism 185
Grattan Flood, Esq. William H.— 276, 369, 549
Gregorian Chant. Solesmes School of— 322
Hearse or Catafalque in Queen Mary's Reign. The— 569
Hebrews. Medicine among the— 461
Hedley and Church Music. Bishop— 229
Henry, Litt.D. The Rev. H. T.— 513, 663
Heredity. Principles of— 576
Hermit and the Outlaw. The— 210, 288
Holy Ghost. Mary's Union with the— 298
Holy See and the French Government 450
"Immaculata"—Poem 695
Immaculate Conception. Ode for Jubilee of— 625
Immaculate Conception. The "New" Doctrine of the— 232
Irish Church Music 276, 369, 549
Is Democracy Bankrupt? 399
Lightning-Rods. The Value of— 444
Loreto Tradition. Legendary Part of the— 230
Loreto? What are we to think of the House of— 98
Machyn, Chronicler in Mary's Reign 562
Mallock. Miss M. M.— 183
Mantuan Marble Text of the "Dies Irae." 520
Mariae Carmina.—Two Poems 321
Marriage Feast at Cana 129
Marriage. Mary and the Sanctification of— 129

PAGE
Mary and Mankind 75, 129, 298
Mary's Last Recorded Words 129
Mass. The Faithful and the Ritual of the— 229
Matter and Form in Modern Physics 93
McGinley. Miss A. A.— 583
"Media Vita." The Responsorium 561
Medical Profession. Chateaubriand's Estimate of the— 697
Medicine among the Hebrews 461
Mendel's Law. Recent Exemplifications of— 88
Miracles outside the Church. Gift of— 328
Missing-Link. Once more a Supposed— 579
Modesty and Gladness of Heart 316
Morality of Gambling 96
Moral Significances of a Political Campaign 583
Mosely Educational Commission. Report of the— 331
Music. Critics of the Reform in Church— 705
Mystery Play for Christmas. An Old— 408
National Churches and the Church Universal 257
Nine First Fridays. The— 102
Nomination to Bishoprics in France 456
O'Conor Eccles. Miss C.— 54, 195
O'Donnell (F. H.) and Convent Education 151
Oldest of Our Lady's Shrines (at Chartres) 377
"Organic Articles" and the Concordat 453
Orthodoxy and Electricity 447
Otten. Mrs. S. T.— 37, 169, 282, 420, 671
Parsons, Esq. F. W.— 22
Pearl. The— Poem 695
Phylacteries 711
Physician. In Praise of the— 697
Physico-Chemistry of the Universe 580
Poems for Christmas. Sœur Thérèse's— 686
Poet of Death—William Cullen Bryant 589
Political Campaign. Some Moral Significances of a— 583
Praise of the Physician. Chateaubriand's— 697
Prayers for the Dead in Queen Mary's Reign 562
Protestant Brethren. Religious Education and Our— 715
Protestantism in its Latest Metamorphosis 183
Prudence, Truth, Largeness of Principle 314
Psychology of the Holy Souls 619
Queen Mary's Reign. Prayers for the Dead in— 562
Radio-Activity and Comets 443
Richard Rolle of Hampole 263
Roswitha—A Tenth-Century Woman Writer 1
Russell, Esq. H. P.— 257
Ryan, M.A. Mary— 1
St. Columbkille and Church Music 369

PAGE

St. Gall. The Music School of— 549
St. Gregory the Great, of Irish Descent 549
St. Mary's Under-Earth (Chartres) 377
St. Patrick and Church Music. Era of— 278
School-Room. The Color-Scheme of a— 462
Sequences or Proses. The Meaning of— 516
Shapcote. Mrs. Emily Mary— 75, 129, 298, 321, 695
Sheehan, D.D. The Very Rev. P. A. Canon 531, 635
"Social Settlement" Question. Educated Catholics and the— . . . 703
Society of the Propagation of the Faith 103
Sœur Thérèse. Christmas Poems of— 686
Solesmes School of Gregorian Chant 322
Spencer Jones and the Oxford Revival 257
Steele. Miss Francesca M.— 263
Stockley. Professor W. F. P.— 151
Supernatural Gifts found complete in Mary 305
Taunton and Church Music. Father Ethelred L.— 227
Tenth-Century Woman Writer. A— 1
Tile Thatchers: Old Mystery Play. The— 411
Toomevara. From a Modern Chronicle of— 54, 195
To the Church of God: An Ode 625
Treasure. How to find a— 313
Turpentine Production. Improvement in— 92
"Veni Creator." The Conclusion of the— 103
Warren, Esq. C. F. S.— 500
Watson, S.J. The Rev. Michael— 313, 625
Way of the World and Convent Education 151
Yellow Fever in Brazil. Experimenting with— 578

BOOK REVIEWS.

Alden: Doris Farrand's Vocation 117
Amen of the Unlearned. The— M. C. E.:— 112
Antidote. The— Gerard:— 110
Apostolic Order and Unity. Bruce-Durham:— 471
Association of Catholic Colleges of the United States. Report of the— 241
Balthazar the Magus. Van der Naillen:— 483
Beverly of Graustark. George Barr McCutcheon:— 609
Bits of Gossip. Rebecca Harding Davis:— 610
Bruce-Durham: Apostolic Order and Unity 471
Camm: Lives of English Martyrs 482
Castaway. Hallie Erminie Rives:— 116
Catholic Parochial Schools of the United States. Sheedy:— 464
Catholic University of America. Year-Book of the— 241
Challoners. The— Benson:— 358
Charruau: Vers le Mariage: aux Jeunes Filles 236
Chollet: La Psychologie du Purgatoire 619
Churchill: Crossing 249

PAGE
Conferences aux Jeunes Filles. Moussard :— 236
Corelli: God's Good Man 611
Crossing. Winston Churchill :— 249
Davitt: Fall of Feudalism in Ireland 118
Don'ts for Mothers. Jackson :— 236
Double Harness. Anthony Hope :— 610
Down: Our Life in Paradise 603
Downside Motets. Terry :— 621
Driscoll: Philosophy of Theism 366
Dumont: Souvenir sur Mirabeau 491
Durham-Bruce: Apostolic Order and Unity 471
Evans: Why I left St. Michael's 338
Experimental Psychology. Stratton :— 111
Faith found in London 342
Fernald: Connectives of English Speech 358
Field: Rome 614
Fletcher-Strappini: Light for New Times 236
Fletcher: The School of the Heart 236
Francis Parkham. Henry Dwight Sedgwick :— 118
Garland: Light of the Star 360
Gayley: Star of Bethlehem 719
Gerard: The Antidote 110
Gerard: The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer 355
God's Good Man. Corelli :— 611
Hand: Ideals of Science and Faith 596
Henry: "Old Times in the Colonies." 464
Herbert Spencer. Royce :— 717
Hewlett: Queen's Quair 250
Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death. Meyers :— . . 347
Ideals of Science and Faith. Hand :— 596
Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. Ullathorne-Iles :— . . 481
Jackson: Don'ts for Mothers 236
Kipling: Traffics and Discoveries 615
Ladder of Swords. Gilbert Parker :— 485
Landor: Gems of the East 118
La Psychologie du Purgatoire. Chollet :— 619
Last Hope. Henry Seton Merriman :— 486
Latin Hymns. March :— 245
Light for New Times. Fletcher-Strappini :— 236
Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guérin 105
Lives of the English Martyrs. Camm :— 482
Loyola: Welcome! 608
Lychgate Hall. "M. E. Francis" :— 120
Maeterlinck: Double Garden 117
March: Latin Hymns 245
M. C. E. :— The Amen of the Unlearned 112
McDonell: Sons of Francis 475
Meaning of the Idylls of the Kings. Pallen :— 479

PAGE
Merry del Val:— The Truth of Papal Claims 335
Meyers: Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death . . 347
Modern Spiritism. Raupert:— 347
Morality without Religion in Education. O'Connell:— 464
Moussard: Conférences aux Jeunes Filles 236
New Century Catholic Readers (Benziger Brothers) 246
New Samaria. Weir Mitchell:— 613
O'Connell: Morality without Religion in Education 464
Old Riddle and the Newest Answer. Gerard:— 355
"Old Times in the Colonies." Henry:— 464
Our Life in Paradise. Down:— 603
Pallen: The Meaning of the Idylls of the King 479
Philosophy of Theism. Driscoll:— 366
Pontifical College Josephinum. Year-Book of the— 241
President. Alfred Henry Lewis:— 486
Quiller-Couch: Fort Amity 358
Raupert: Modern Spiritism 347
Report of Conference Held by Parochial Teachers (Rochester) . . . 464
Report of Superintendent of Parochial Schools in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia: 1903—1904 464
Repplier: Compromises 610
Rome. Field:— 614
Royce: Herbert Spencer 717
School of the Heart. The— Fletcher:— 236
Seiners. James B. Connolly:— 362
Sheedy: Catholic Parochial Schools of the United States 464
Shelburne Papers. Paul Elmer More:— 614
Sons of Francis. McDonell:— 475
Souvenir sur Mirabeau. Dumont:— 491
Star of Bethlehem. Gayley:— 719
Story of the Red Cross. Clara Barton:— 251
Strappini-Fletcher: Light for New Times 236
Stratton: Experimental Psychology 111
Terry: Downside Motets 621
Truth of Papal Claims. Merry del Val:— 335
Turk. Opie Read:— 487
Ullathorne-Iles: The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God . 481
Vergilius. Irving T. Bacheller:— 487
Vers le Mariage: aux Jeunes Filles. Charruau:— 236
Walsh: Woman 236
Warner: The Young Woman in Modern Life 236
Welcome! Loyola:— 608
Why I left St. Michael's. Evans:— 338
Wiggin: Affair at the Inn 483
Woman. Walsh:— 236
Young Woman in Modern Life. The— Warner:— 236

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